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There are HUNDREDS OF TONS of it were only
bought up in private houses. This house is simply
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**SEE THAT YOU GET
AN EIGHT-PAGE
SUPPLEMENT
GRATIS THIS WEEK.**

THIRD EDITION.
"THE PEOPLE" OFFICE.
Saturday Evening.

LATEST TELEGRAMS.

(REUTER'S TELEGRAMS.)

A MEXICAN "JACK THE RIPPER."
Mexico, December 18.—A man named
Guerrero, known as the "Mexican Jack the
Ripper," has been tried here, and convicted
of eight murders and fourteen criminal
assaults on women. He was sentenced to
death.

THE STORMS IN AMERICA.

PORTLAND (Maine), December 18.—Whilst
six horses were drawing a snow-plough along
a street railroad here to-day, they came into
contact with a broken electric wire and three
were killed instantaneously. From all parts
of the Eastern States, from Maine to North
Carolina, the districts visited by yesterday's
gales, reports are coming in of broken wires
and of much damage ashore and afloat. The
church at Brockton, Massachusetts, was to-
day destroyed by fire, the conflagration being
caused by an electric wire.

DR. KOCH'S REMEDY.

A RIVAL LYMPH.
PARIS, December 19.—The Society of Practical
Medicine yesterday heard a communication
from Dr. Pei, who claims to have com-
municated by synthesis a fluid precisely similar
to Dr. Koch's lymph. The doctor produces
two phials, one containing his own lymph
and the other Dr. Koch's. The appearance
of each was the same, and Dr. Petit declared
that the reactions produced by his lymph in
the laboratory corresponded exactly with
those obtained by the German lymph, whilst
the experiments made upon tuberculous
animals by means of inoculation also gave
identical results.

RUSSIAN MILITISTS.
PARIS, December 18.—An account of an
affair with M. Lavrov on the subject of
the Russian revolutionists is published to-day
by the *Edair*. M. Lavrov is represented to
have said that the Terrorist Party always
existed, although in a disorganized state,
instead of a single body directed by an execu-
tive committee. There are now twenty-five
groups, organised differently perhaps, but all
working for the same end.

(REUTER'S TELEGRAMS.)

THE INDIAN RISING.
PINE RIDGE, December 19.—The military
authorities reckon that over 1,000 of the re-
alcitrant Indians have returned to the
agency. A grand council was held on
Wednesday, when Red Cloud told the re-
turning dancers that they had caused great
trouble. He added that all would be well if
the present trouble were once got over. If
those who were still out did not come in, and
the soldiers were forced to kill them, he
would feel sorry, as many of his relatives
were among them. At the same time he
knowledged that the Federal troops would
be justified in shooting them down. The
hostile Indians in bands now number
about 500. General Carr is close on the rear
of the enemy, whose case seems hopeless.

INSULTING THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

PARIS, December 19.—A despatch from
Rome to the *Debats* states that the telephone
journals in that city report a fresh incident
at La Goletta, in Tunis. The story is that
two Zouaves, whilst in a cafe, gave utterance
to remarks insulting the German Emperor,
Prince Bismarck, and Count von Moltke.
The German consul lodged an official com-
plaint, in consequence of which the Zouaves
were punished and the French troops were
forbidden to eat in the cafe. The consul is
further represented to have complained that,
in spite of the immunity usually enjoyed by
members of the diplomatic corps, the Customs
officials claimed the right to inspect his lug-
gage, and on this point also satisfaction was
given to him by the French authorities. The
correspondent of the *Debats*, commenting on
these incidents, says that they have certainly
been magnified for the purpose of exciting
public opinion against France.

EXECUTION OF MURDERERS.

NEW YORK, December 19.—Two murderers
were hanged at Columbus, Ohio, last night.
Three had been sentenced to death, but the
third was reprieved at six o'clock.

THE FRENCH CRIMINAL RECO'D.

PARIS, December 18.—The committee
formed at the Ministry of Justice with the
object of examining the modifications to be
made in the present system of preserving a
minute judicial record of all persons im-
plicated in cases coming before the courts of
justice, has decided that certain offences
punishable merely by a few months' im-
prisonment shall not be inscribed on the
record. The committee having ascertained
from recent statistics that twenty per cent
of the foreigners residing in France
are convicted of various common law
offences, also agreed that these aliens should
only participate in the proposed benefit of
non-inscription on the record provided that
French subjects residing abroad were
similarly dealt with by foreign Governments.

(DALINIE'S TELEGRAMS.)

A HOPELESS PASSION.

BERLIN, December 19.—A young student of
theology, named Franz Pfau, is reported to
have committed suicide at Bruck near Giants,
under the following romantic circumstances:

He was in love with a young nun named
Sister Maria, who was attached to a
convent in the above place, and was danger-
ously ill. He went thither desiring to see her,
but the Mother Superior refused to allow him
to do so, whereupon he drew a pistol and fired
at the Mother Superior twice. She fell, and
Pfau, thinking her dead, killed himself with
his revolver. It appears that Sister Maria
once nursed the young man through sick-
ness, and, at the same time, inspired him
with a hopeless passion. The Mother
Superior, though badly wounded, is not dead.

SHOCKING TRIPLE MURDER.

SKACOPE (MINNESOTA), December 19.—A
man named John Spearman, age 67, was
yesterday found sitting in a corner of his

room, nearly dead, with his hands tied behind
his back, and his feet bound. He was
employed by Mr. G. T. Harper, a barge-upset,

and two men were drowned.

While a North German Lloyd steamer was
being coaled in Southampton Water by men

employed by Mr. G. T. Harper, a barge-upset,

and two men were drowned.

(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.)
TALES
F A TERRACE.
BY HEBER K. DANIELS.
AUTHOR OF "ME AND JIM."



PART VI.—TOLD ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

There were few, indeed, if any, among us who could have affirmed with sincerity that they really liked Ralph Temperley; although, on the other hand, had they been taxed, they would probably have given no more valid reason for the fact than that he was tall, dark, and sinister-looking; which, of course, was no reason at all.

Morally, there was nothing against the man that a hyper-tastigious person could possibly have objected to. He was a widower, rich, charitable, an indefatigable church-goer, and honoured his old mother with an amount of affectionate devotion that should have commanded him to the favourable consideration of any insurance company. Besides these qualifications, he was, as I've said, not only rich, but as the owner of a large residence facing the common, had acquired among us Undershottians the reputation of being a very Lucullus in the matter of recherche entertainments.

Personally, he seemed to pertain rather to that earlier portion of the century, when men parted their hair in the middle and had frequent recourse to the adjectives "gentle" and "elegant" when it was necessary to describe such a person as Mr. Temperley himself, for instance; who, with his glossy "Dunsreary," his dark curls, the tight-fitting, scamp'd-looking suit of all black, and the gloves and stock-shaped tie of the same hue, might have sauntered down Piccadilly in the '90's without his appearance giving the least occasion for sarcastic comment.

Perhaps it was this very air of old-world mystery, combined with his habitual reserve, that deterred so many of us from entering into closer companionship with him. It may have been—goodness only knows!

But certain it was, that when Mr. Temperley was seen coming down the terrace by acquaintances progressing in the opposite direction, it would not be the fault of the latter if they caught each other's eye and stopped to speak.

And yet there was so much individuality in the man, apart from the fact that his interest in local affairs was quietly paramount, that men felt themselves drawn, nolens volens, towards him by the sheer magnetism of that sunniness face, with its dark, penetrating eyes.

When, therefore, Garbutt, myself, and Telfer, of the terrace, received an invitation to spend Christmas Eve with him and his sole surviving relative at Ravelin House, we felt to be wondering at, in view of the foregoing, that we should have tossed up as to whether we should respond to it or not?

"The man's right enough in himself," said Garbutt, as a "lovely woman" turned up and decided the point in the affirmative; "but it's that confounded 'Chamber of Horrors' look about him that I object to, especially at this time of the year. It ain't seasonable, to my eye."

"That's so," assented Telfer, who, like Garbutt, was a candidate for the new vestry. "But we can't very well do without him—can we? And, besides, his dinners are A1 at Lloyd's. Shall I ever forget that last one we had—A-h-h-h!"

"The menu was certainly excellent," I remarked.

"Yes, and so was the joint!" said Garbutt, who was a little shaky in his French. "And how about the liquor? Did you ever taste such body before in all your life? I never did."

"Body!" said Telfer, with the air of a professional taster. "I should think it had, considering it came direct from the Grand Chatrouse Cemetery."

Telfer, of course, meant "monastery," but correction might have entailed coolness, which at that particular time of the year was impolitic; so without another word we went to our respective homes and dressed, and in due time were announced at Ravelin House.

The sole occupant of the large drawing-room, into which we were ushered, was the Mrs. Temperley before mentioned: a remarkable little old lady in green, with dark beady eyes and hook-shaped nose; who greeted us silently, and, as we thought, somewhat aggressively, and then sat staring at us in a manner so bird-like with her little round eyes and beaky nose that—with her wrappings of green—she looked for all the world like some austere species of love-bird.

Mr. Temperley, she presently condescended to inform us, had not yet arrived from the City. She had never known him to be so late before—except during the foggy weather—and couldn't account for it at all. Which was far from being the case.

He appeared to us, who knew his imperturbable ways, to be in an unexpected state of excitement, though while greeting us he managed to get his feelings under control, that when he gave his arm to his mother, and led

the way to the dining-room, he was enabled to say, without a quiver in his voice:

"I beg that you will excuse me, gentlemen, but I was, unfortunately, detained on my way across the common. A fellow struck a woman—his wife, so she said; and at that offence is an unpardonable one in my eyes. I stopped to give him a drubbing—never mind the particulars—I can't delay the dinner to dress now, mother; for yourself and my friends here must be already half-famished. Let us begin."

Throughout the dinner, he carefully abstained from any mention of the recent fracas, and although he kept us engaged in conversation the whole of the time, it was noticeable that his mind was pre-occupied with some other matter, apparently of a gloomy nature; and when he spoke, it was with a tinge of melancholy in his tone far deeper than any we had ever noticed before.

With the disappearance of the old lady and the cloth, and the advent of the nuts and wine, he appeared suddenly to lose all knowledge of his surroundings, and sat for some time with his elbows on the table and his face clasped in his hands, utterly oblivious of the conversation that was being carried on between us; but presently, when Telfer directed his attention to the empty glass before him, he roused himself with an effort, and observed, with a little bewildered stare of surprise:

"What! going away from me, Ralph?" I hear her say, as she puts her arms about my neck and holds me with loving tenacity. "Surely not to-night, dear! You promised me, so faithfully you would stop with me this night! Oh, you can't be so cruel as to leave me all alone, now! No! no! no! dear!" she cries with great fervour, as she resists my efforts to remove her from me, and with her large tearful eyes fixed so imploringly on mine. "I can't—I mustn't—let you go out in the condition you are in. Remember, dear, the danger you will run should you attempt the crossing at the end of the street! Listen to me, Ralph, I beseech you!"

"I am afraid, gentlemen, I have been a very inefficient host—in itself almost a crime on this evening of all evenings in the year. Come!" And he rose from his seat. "Let me make some amends for my remissness while the night is still young. We will go into the drawing-room, and there, over our coffee and cigars, we will stimulate our juniors by telling one another stories until such times as we shall see the day come in. What do you say—shall I begin?"

"All means," said Garbutt, as we got up and followed our host into the adjoining room. "And as we appear to have it all to ourselves—the good lady having apparently retired for the evening—you needn't be too particular. Fire ahead!" And we disposed ourselves on the comfortable lounges around a blazing fire, as our host, with his eyes fixed upon the leaping flames, and his words addressed more to some absent person than to ourselves, began:

"Strange to say, that little adventure that befell me to-night on my way home has recalled vividly to my mind an event in my life that, happening though it did, by a remarkable coincidence, on this very night fifteen years ago, had so important an influence on my subsequent actions, that it will never be banished from my mind while it maintains its reason."

"I had been married then a little over a year, and was living with my dear wife in the neighbourhood of Westminster—a poor neighbourhood; for before my marriage I had quarrelled with my father, on whom I had depended for my living, and had flung myself on the tender mercies of a world not particularly noted for the kindly usage of its penniless ones."

"The main cause of the rupture between us, was my contemplated marriage with a woman, whose only disqualification—a fatal one in his eyes—was her lack of fortune; but the estrangement had been accelerated by my own extravagance, not to say dissolute, habits, which had been making heavy inroads into his substantial fortune."

"When, therefore, the inevitable moment arrived when my demands for money to honour my gambling debts met with a point blank refusal, a terrible scene took place between us: when, blinded as I then was by my love for the gentle creature, whose instinctively went towards her at home, while a new feeling of sudden remorse began to struggle into my aching heart, I flung his fortune to the teeth, and cast in my lot with the only person in the world whom I considered able to rescue me from moral and physical wreck. It was a selfish thing to do—selfish in its bearing towards her—and it was soon fate to bring it to certain consequences."

"The want of money—hitherto a novel experience with me—instead of awakening me to a proper sense of the great danger in which I had placed both her and myself, served only to embitter me more than ever against the man whose every recent act of kindness I now construed into preconcerted injury. And with the disappearance of the last few pounds I had scraped together, and my unfailing want of success in obtaining that work which my idle habits had entirely disqualified me from undertaking, I plunged into heavier excesses than ever, and I had ever entered into before, and I had now entered into before, with the result that soon poor little home—even with her sweet presence to grace it—became in my diseased condition of mind a living hell. Oh! if I had only known that what I have since learned by bitter experience (and whatever your pessimist may say to the contrary) that the热烈 affection of a true woman, when I appreciated and returned in full, will transform the veriest garret into a palace and furnish a relish to sweeten the hardest fare."

"I don't think," continued Mr. Temperley, as he withdrew his eyes from the fireplace, and fixed them appealingly upon mine, "that I could have been held morally responsible for my actions then. Looking back to them now, and remembering her unswerving faith in me, and her unflinching courage in facing the dangers that were fast hedging us in on every side; bearing this in mind, I say, and recalling the slight recognition, may, even coquetry, these qualities met with, at my hands, I am led at times to believe that I must have been possessed of all the essentials of lassitude in its very worst form."

"I will pass lightly over the period that followed on our state of complete bankruptcy; when, from abusing my still obtuse patient (my mother's) plea on my behalf notwithstanding, I tell to upbraiding my wife for being, as I told her, an additional cause of all the trouble that had befallen me: the bitterness of my words being intensified by the mock look of reproach with which she always regarded me on those occasions. When I reflect on what I said to her then, in all the wild incoherence of despair, I am only kept from dangerous despondency by the hope—vague though it be—that the whole may only have been the brain-haunting memories of some vivid dream."

"It was on that fateful Christmas Eve, just fifteen years ago, that the elvish, so dreaded, yet openly courted, at last came. I had been drinking deeply during the earlier part of the day, and when night began to come, she screamed aloud

with terror and waved me, 'Back! back! for God's sake, go back!'

"We were nearing the river now, and I was gaining on her rapidly. How the heavy snow clanged my steps! Should I ever reach her?" Agnes!

"She heard my cry, and as she reached the bridge, she turned once again, and in her eyes I saw such a look of frenzied purpose as drove the blood into my heart, and caused it for the moment to stand still."

"In another second she had mounted the parapet, and for the last time turned to me with that haunting cry and awful gesture of warning."

"As I made one tremendous effort to reach her side, I saw a constable spring out of the shadow of the wall and grasp her dress."

"Too late! She tears it desperately from his fingers, and in another second she has gone!"

"As I lay in the snow, with all power of motion gone from me, and hoping and praying that the great pain, which was now beyond bearing, would speedily remove me from a world in which I had now no further wish to remain, I heard the roar of voices and the sound of many footsteps crushing the snow, as a crowd of people, who had been attracted by the chase, made their way down towards the river bank. And with a last despairing effort I endeavoured to drag myself after them in the wild hope that they might have succeeded in taking her alive."

"Vain hope! I saw the excited cluster of dark figures, down by the water's edge, bending over some object in their midst, and guessed by the awestruck tones of their voices, together with the few words which escaped from them at intervals—words of sorrow and sympathy—that all hope for her life had fled!"

"As they saw me approach a strange hush fell upon the crowd, and they fell back silently to the right and left, to make way for me to reach her side. And then as, with a loud cry of anguish as she takes the poker from the fireplace and clenches it until the veins stand out on his wrists and temples. 'I have raised my hand to her just as that scoundrel did, whom I struck to the earth this evening. But the blow does not fall. No! thank God for that! The small leaves of humanity remaining within me has prevailed, and with a few muttered words of apology I turn and leave the house."

"It had been snowing heavily since early morning, and the night was bitterly cold, as, with my brain in a whirl with liquor, and a feeling of intense hate in my breast, towards all humanity, I passed swiftly out into the crowded streets and turned my steps eastward."

"As I made my way blindly across the busy thoroughfare, about which I had been so often cautioned by my unhappy wife, I suddenly heard a loud yell of warning from the sidewalk, and, looking up, saw a wagon bearing rapidly, but noiselessly, down upon me through the thick slush that lay on the streets. I recollect the feeling of intense irritation that came over me when I saw the driver's angry face and heard him curse my stupidity and impudence as I struck at the horse's head with my stick, before making a desperate effort to avoid the wheels. And then, from the moment I found myself standing quietly on the footway, a wonderful change came over me."

"The thridding in my brain had ceased, and my unstrung nerves had steadied themselves in that instant as if under the action of an opiate. But into my heart there had come instead a dull dragging pain, that seemed to quietly ebb my life away between each thrusting pang. The terror of instant death now came upon me, and with the knowledge of my utter helplessness in view of a sudden collapse, my thoughts instinctively went towards her at home, while a new feeling of sudden remorse began to struggle into my aching heart, mingled on our cheeks."

"And it was a vision after all," said Mr. Temperley, as he fell back pale and unstrung in his chair, and looked around him with a sigh of intense relief. "A ghastly picture of a possible reality had been enacted within my brain in that awful interval when I hovered between life and eternity."

"From that moment up to that mournful day—five years ago—when we passed away peacefully in my arms, the lesson of the previous night was never thrown away on me; and whatever atonement there was in my power to make for the past, by unceasing care for her; whether in periods of joy or trouble, you may be sure it was performed with a willing and a grateful heart."

"With the news of my accident my father relented, and, seeing that my penitence was genuine, he put me into a City business, in which I have remained until the present day."

"And now, gentlemen," added Mr. Temperley, as he arose from his chair with an expression on his face that plainly showed that he wished to be left alone to his meditations, "you may possibly wonder why I have taken you so deeply into my confidence on a subject of a purely domestic nature. He assured that there is no confidence in the matter. As I have told it to you, so have I told it to others, in order that it might go out to their friends, and their friends' friends—yes, it is possible to make it known to the world."

"Merciful heavens! how her form resembled that of my wife! A dreadful thought flashed in an instant across my mind, and caused me to make for the house with all the haste my tortured heart would admit of."

"My worst fears were speedily realized. The rooms were all empty—she had gone!"

"But on that table lay the paper that I had dredged to find. The ink upon it was still wet, and was running with her tears. 'Ralph, darling,' it said, 'you will no longer have cause to reproach me with being a burden to you. When you have read these lines you will be free to reconcile yourself with your father, and once more regain that happiness which, in the great love I bore for you, I depraved you of. And oh! that you may be happy is the last prayer of one who little thought that the day would come when she also would have to go the way her poor brother went. Farewell—AGNES!'

"Her brother! My God!—there could be but one meaning—the bridge!"

"Rushing in mad haste out of the house, I seemed hardly to feel the ground under me, as I ran, with a speed that scarcely seemed human, in the direction where I had seen her last."

"The streets were now almost deserted, and the snow, which had recommended to fall in great blinding drifts, had covered up the footmarks on the pavements and deadened all sound of traffic."

"How the great gnawing agony at my heart had increased as I struggled wildly on, with my eyes straining through the tingling snow, to catch a glimpse of her whom I now, in the terrible revelation of feeling cherished above all that this world could give! There was only one fixed thought in my mind now, to the exclusion of all else, and that had resolved itself into one dread word—the bridge! In the fever heat of excitement I caught myself repeating it aloud with fearful iteration, as I staggered onwards through the snow—occasionally slipping and falling, but always onwards, upwards, and in the direction of the river."

"Suddenly, within the light of a street lamp, before me, I saw a whitened figure rise from the snow, and make off rapidly in the same direction in which I was running. I recognised it in an instant—it was my poor hunted wife!"

"I saw her stop for a second and turn her face towards me, and as she

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

A REMARKABLE ESCAPE.
An example of how greatness has gone out with the introduction of steam is given by the China fleet correspondent of the *Western Morning News*. While proceeding from Hakodate to Yokohama, the fleet (as we have already briefly reported) experienced very heavy weather, and during the height of it the Rattler lost her jibboom in the heavy sea, but continued to steam with the rest of the fleet. One of the men of that ship had a remarkable escape from drowning. He fell into the sea from aloft, and was not observed by the Mutine, the ship immediately astern of the Rattler in the line. The Rattler rapidly hauled out of the line, and it became impossible to lower a boat in such a sea, the ship was steered to windward of the man, who had managed to grasp a lifebuoy thrown to him. By carefully backing and steaming, the gunboat was made to drift down on the man, who, under the lee of the ship, climbed on board by the aid of a rope that was thrown to him, the lifebuoy being also secured. The Captain of the Rattler received the congratulations of the fleet, and the signal "Well done" from the admiral.

A VERY DEVOTED ESCORT.

On a Philadelphia train that went through Washington on the other day the passengers derived considerable amusement from the actions of a handsome young man and a worried-looking but still pretty woman. They were so entirely absorbed in each other that they were not separated for a minute during the whole trip. When she wanted to walk on the platform in Baltimore he promenaded up and down at her side—not they never spoke a word save to each other—but when necessary, and the people concluded that a honeymoon quarrel was in progress. Nobody doubted for an instant that they were bride and groom. When they got out to change cars for Richmond, their destination, the conductor, who knew the man well, said, "Well, so long. Hope you get there all right." "Oh, I guess so. But she's a mighty slippery customer, and I have to watch her like a cat." The good-looking man was a deputy-sheriff, and was taking back to Richmond an unusually clever shoplifter that he had tracked to Philadelphia and arrested.

ROBBERY FROM A WAIF'S HOME.

At a Philadelphia train that went through Washington on the other day the passengers derived considerable amusement from the actions of a handsome young man and a worried-looking but still pretty woman. They were so entirely absorbed in each other that they were not separated for a minute during the whole trip. When she wanted to walk on the platform in Baltimore he promenaded up and down at her side—not they never spoke a word save to each other—but when necessary, and the people concluded that a honeymoon quarrel was in progress. Nobody doubted for an instant that they were bride and groom. When they got out to change cars for Richmond, their destination, the conductor, who knew the man well, said, "Well, so long. Hope you get there all right." "Oh, I guess so. But she's a mighty slippery customer, and I have to watch her like a cat." The good-looking man was a deputy-sheriff, and was taking back to Richmond an unusually clever shoplifter that he had tracked to Philadelphia and arrested.

At the ordinary meeting of the Banbury Town Council on Thursday, it was announced that the Mayor, Alderman William Vincent Green, had died suddenly at noon. The Council immediately adjourned.

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THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF SHORT CUTS.

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DEAD MAN'S STORY.
 BY HENRY HERMAN.

JOINT AUTHOR OF
THE BISHOP'S BIBLE, "WILD DARRIN,"
THE TRAVELLER RETURNS, "THE SILVER
 KING," "CLAUDIA," ETC., ETC.

I was well aware that Stephen Taylor had much of time in somnambolic, hypnotic, and other ultra-scientific experiments. He was known to have carried inquiries into anything that smacked of the mystic or the supermundane, and, strange as it may seem, he managed to discuss these things without appearing ridiculous to anybody's eyes. He made no secret of the fact that he candidly believed all sorts of mysterious dogmas, but had a hard, scientific explanation ready to advance for each one of his statements, and though sceptical persons might remain unconvinced, nobody chaffed Taylor as a believer in fantasia.

"I like your place," I exclaimed involuntarily, "I don't know which I like better, the inside or the outside."

"Make yourself at home," he replied cheerily. "You will find that the oftener you come the more you will want to come."

He went to the buffet and fetched a bottle of champagne and glasses. I protested that I did not drink champagne in the evening.

"You won't mind drinking this," he answered. "It is Perrier Jouet, 1874. I bought it at the Hinton sale."

A reminiscence floated across my mind of three and four guineas a bottle having been paid for that famous wine at that famous sale, and I opened my eyes wide in amazement at Taylor being extravagant enough to indulge in such luxuries.

He seemed to guess what I was thinking.

"I only pull this out on special occasions, my dear boy," he said, "and your visit to my house is a special occasion."

With this he poured out the nearly still wine.

I began to feel sorry that I had, as I thought, so terribly misjudged Taylor. He was evidently not only a pleasant fellow, but a good fellow, for how could a man who invited me to his house and gave me Perrier Jouet worth three guineas a bottle be anything but a good fellow?

We sat there sipping our wine and smoking our cigars, and I was in my most jovial mood, and had nearly forgotten the purpose for which I had come, when he rose.

"I think we had better get to business," he said, "if you want to get back to London to-night. If you want to stay I can put you up, but if you want to get home again we shall have to get on."

With this he ushered me into the next room, and there my amazement transfixed me. There was absolutely no colour in the room. The soft velvet carpet, the tapestried walls, the curtains, the hangings, the ceiling, the furniture, even the brackets from which twinkled a dozen or so of incandescent electric lamps, were all of a uniformly neutral tint that could most nearly be likened to a pale dull silver-grey. The effect was surprisingly soft and chaste. Fixed against the walls were some eight or ten mirrors, mostly round or elliptical, of various sizes, and of diverse prismatic powers. If ever there was cabinet of mystery beautifully and mysteriously arranged, Stephen Taylor's room was such.

I saw me look round in wonderment and broke out in a rather sickly smile.

"They call me a dreamer," he said. "Some of them even go so far as to call me a charlatan. You shall be my witness and my defender that I am neither, but a man of solid practice."

His face bore a diabolical sneer which quite upset me for the moment, he looked so cold and cruel. He brightened into a more placidly human expression.

"Shall we begin?" he asked, quite genially. "If so I am ready."

That little forewarning voice within me spoke again. Again I heard the impressively quiet tones, "Don't! Don't!" and again I heeded them not. I vowed that I was ready to try again. Let's do it all over again! I exclaimed, and settled myself back in the arm chair.

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OUR OMNIBUS.

OLD IZAAK.

I should think last Sunday was the coldest day anglers have experienced for some years. In fact, angling is almost impossible from the bank on account of floating ice. However, several clubs were out fishing for Christmas and other prizes, but in the majority of cases not a fish was taken amongst them. For instance, some fifteen members of the Bermonsey Brothers were out, with the result above mentioned, although several of them stuck to it pretty well. By the way, Mr. Cox, the secretary, informs me that Mr. Brooke, one of his members, picked up a dead trout on the bank when the tide went out, which weighed six lb., and would have gone ib. when in condition. Mr. Cox thinks it died from some disease as it was covered in lime, and had red marks on its body like old sores.

Several members of the Alma Angling Society were on the warpath on Sunday competing for a prize presented by Mr. Stevens, of the Bloomsbury Brothers. Only roach from the Thames were eligible, and the prize was taken by Mr. J. Paines, he being the only competitor that succeeded in taking fish. Will my readers kindly note that Mr. Cox has resigned the secretaryship of this society, owing to pressure of business, and that Mr. J. Paines has been appointed his successor?

On Wednesday last Mr. E. S. Shrubsole read a paper entitled "Fly Fishing for Coarse Fish," before the members of the Blackfriars Amateur Club of "The Tempest," considerable praise was bestowed on the vocalisation of Miss Lella Barry, who was announced for the rôle of Ceres. As an act of justice, I feel bound to say that Miss Barry being unable to appear, the rôle of Ceres was taken by Miss Elsie Mackenzie, a very promising young artist, who, after three years' study at the Conservatorium and Opera School at Weimar, is now a pupil of my friend Rancker at the Royal Academy of Music. "Honour to whom honour is due!"

The students of that flourishing institution, the Blackheath Conservatoire of Music, displayed both instrumentalists and vocalists, the good results of the teaching they receive from the eminent professors of the H.C.M. at a concert given on Tuesday last. The greater the number of similarly well conducted academies the better.

The visit of the Islington Brothers on Monday evening was a great success, twelve clubs being well represented. The next visit on the Clerkenwell and district list goes to the Bloomsbury Brothers. The date is not yet fixed, but I trust they will be well supported. On Tuesday Mr. T. Crumpton read a paper before the members of the Silver Trout. I am sorry I was unable—owing to important business at my own society—to be present till late, and when I did arrive I found the attendance hardly so large as I had anticipated.

I have received the following appeal from Mr. Brougham, and readily publish it in the hope that my readers will bring the matter before their respective societies and so give Mr. Brougham the assistance he requires—

"Will you kindly give me a postal order for half-a-crown towards a seasonal dinner to all the river keepers, lock keepers, fishermen, and who have assisted in watching, and the inspectors of police, in all about thirty-five in number? During the late poaching season, which extended over one month, the organisation was so complete that no attempt was made to net any portion of the river below Staines. The attendants include those employed by the Thames Conservancy and the T.A.P.S., and the cost of the dinner, with refreshments and railway fares, is about £20.—W. H. BROUGHAM, Secretary, Pownall Gardens, Bayswater, December 6th, 1890.—P.S.—The recent detection of four offenders taking unsizeable fish by the keepers of the T.A.P.S. is satisfactory proof of their usefulness." Mr. Brougham asks for only half-a-crown and I think I am right in saying there are enough generous anglers in London to cover the amount asked for—viz., £20.

The Thames is full of blocks of floating ice, and in some places the river is frozen over. Consequently I have no reports from between Staines and Richmond, except one from the former place, where Mr. Dyer, of Tottenham, while fishing with John Keene, jun., in one day caught eighteen chub, the largest weighing 2lb. At Teddington, at the end of last week, Joseph Baldwin picked up a dead trout of 4lb., which he took over to Mr. Alfred Nuttall, at Kingston. I am informed by a correspondent at Hampton Court that as soon as the water gets right again "there are plenty of jack to be caught in the Hampton waters if anglers will only come and try for them."

My readers will remember that a fortnight ago I mentioned that Mr. Brougham had undergone a very painful operation. I am pleased to say he has so far recovered that it is only the weather that keeps him indoors. It is satisfactory to hear also that Mr. Brougham's work goes on just the same.

PIPER PAN.

The ten remaining Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts will commence on February 14th, and the indefatigable conductor, Mr. Manns, has already completed the programmes of the first seven concerts. He has wisely left open the arrangements for the eighth, ninth, and tenth concerts, so as to avail himself of opportunities which may offer themselves for the production of orchestral works, vocalists, and instrumentalists that may in the meantime prove worthy of inclusion in the programmes of these concerts. Amongst the orchestral additions to the Crystal Palace repertory will be found Miss Elliott's "Dramatic Overture," Dr. Macmillan's incidental music to "Ravenwood," an orchestral fantasia on themes from "Carmen" (Bizet), and two important works entirely new to English amateurs—Berlioz's "Mort d'Ophée," for female chorus and orchestra, and Greig's scenes from Björnson's drama, "Olaf Trygvason." I cannot but admire the persevering efforts of Mr. Manns to maintain the high reputation of the concerts, which for thirty-five years he has ably conducted.

On looking at the list of artists already engaged by Mr. Manns, I find, amongst others, the names of Lady Hallé, Joachim, Ysaye (violinists), Stavenhagen and Lamond (pianists), and Meadmore Nordica, Moody, Hutchinson, Bertha Moore, and Mille Autonette Trebelli; M. Lloyd, Maaers, Black, Salmon, Barrington Foote, &c. For twenty-one shillings a (transferable) stall for the ten concerts may be secured, and shilling seats for each concert will be provided.

The new ballet, "The Sleeping Beauty," both as regards spectacular effects and musical charms, is one of the best ever produced at the Alhambra. M. Espinoza has set forth the familiar story in a copious variety of tableaux and choreographic evolutions in which the army of cyrphées maintains the reputation of the Alhambra, and the principal parts find accomplished exponents in M. Léonard, Marie, Rossetti, Cormani, &c., and Signor De Vincenti, whose wonderfully agile and graceful dancing and expressive acting remind me of Perrot.

The scenery, painted by Mr. T. E. Bryan,

is worthy of his accomplished pencil; the splendid opening scene, the king's palace, and the exquisite final tableau are triumphs of art, and were enthusiastically applauded. The costumes, designed by M. Gray and Russell, and made by Mr. Alias, are superb. Last, but far from being least, I must mention the beautiful music composed by Mr. Jacob. It is full of melody and the orchestra is masterly, always illustrative of the dramatic situations. This may also be said of the admirable overture, which includes a delicious "slow waltz" that reappears in the fourth tableau.

It may interest many of my readers to know that "The Sleeping Beauty" will be performed on Boxing Day afternoon, at the matinee given annually by the directors of the Alhambra. Their beautiful and spacious theatre should be filled on this occasion.

The vocal recitals of Mr. and Mrs. Henshaw have proved so attractive that Prince's Hall can no longer accommodate all applicants for admission. It is said that at the latest recital hundreds were turned away from the doors, and I think the transfer of these charming concerts to St. James's Hall likely to prove a judicious step. So long as this gifted couple continue to provide interesting programmes, affording scope for their polished and expressive vocalisation, they cannot fail to attract large audiences.

In some newspaper notices of the recent performances by the Irving Amateur Dramatic Club of "The Tempest," considerable praise was bestowed on the vocalisation of Miss Lella Barry, who was announced for the rôle of Ceres. As an act of justice, I feel bound to say that Miss Barry being unable to appear, the rôle of Ceres was taken by Miss Elsie Mackenzie, a very promising young artist, who, after three years' study at the Conservatorium and Opera School at Weimar, is now a pupil of my friend Rancker at the Royal Academy of Music. "Honour to whom honour is due!"

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The Bach Choir Concert at St. James's Hall on Tuesday last presented a powerful attraction in the "German Requiem" of Brahms. If I mistake not, this fine work—the composer's masterpiece—was originally produced at St. James's Hall at one of the concerts of the New Philharmonic Society, under the direction of my lamented friend Dr. Wynde. It has not since been so often repeated in London as might have been expected, the reason probably being that the choral music is difficult and requires more rehearsals than amateur choristers are disposed to attend. Excepting in the difficult fugue, the Bach Choir were not so satisfactory as could be wished.

OLLA PODRIDA.—Sir Charles Hallé's Orchestral Concerts have been prematurely ended. Mr. Henshaw's Symphonies Concerts are not likely to be continued.—The Monday and Saturday Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall will be suspended during the Christmas holidays.—Signor Novara is engaged for Madame Adelina Patti's next concert tour.—Mr. Tapley, the popular tenor, having resolved on taking a well-merited holiday, has declined an offer of engagement as principal tenor in the forthcoming opera of Mr. Gorring Thomas.—Mr. Edward Solomon gave musical and dramatic entertainment at Prince's Hall on Tuesday last, assisted by a host of vocal and instrumental artists. The entertainment commenced at ten p.m. and terminated between two and three o'clock next morning.

Provincial bands are to be found everywhere, but that was not the case forty years ago, when I was invited to the harvest home supper of Squire Challand, and was introduced as a "brother artist," to the "Petworth Band" of humble amateurs, four in number, first fiddle, "Master" Plumpton, junior, second fiddle, "Master" Plumpton, junior; flute, "Master" Dyke; "wyolinceller" (so he pronounced it), "Master" Head. At seven o'clock a dozen guests staying under the squire's hospitable roof took their seats at the head of a long table that reached to the end of the spacious hall, and a score of farm servants—half of them bringing their wives—did justice to the liberal fare. After supper the hall was cleared, and the band played a couple of country dances, in which everyone joined; next came a waltz for the "gentry," two more country dances, and then I asked the band to play a set of quadrilles for the "gentry." The band knew "nowt about 'em," but could play "Life let us cherish," to which venerable tune "the 'gentry'" contrived to dance the five dances! Three hours later it became evident that the band was drunk. The dancing ceased, the band took freely of rum punch, and finally found its way to beds of straw in a barn. Dyke and Head had evaporated before I paid the band my morning call. Plumpton, senior and junior, had just awoke, and I shall never forget the theodic puzzle countenance of Plumpton, senior. The son tried to look bright, but as I remarked afterwards to the squire, altering the vowel in the second word of Campbell's line—

"The son's eye had a sickly glare.
Such were the bidders of former times!
Modern fiddlers" never will, hardly ever!"

BUCKLAND, JUNIOR.

"The Ancient" sends a graphically written description of the manner in which a stoat works. Whilst standing in one of the rides of Wimbeldon Common the other day, he saw a rabbit coming towards him, not running in its natural way but on the points of its toes; its body was arched as if to keep it as far from the ground as possible; its ears were elevated as if listening intently; and its eyes were dilated. Apparently it was in a state of great fear. From previous experience my correspondent was convinced that either a stoat or a weasel was upon its track. He accordingly stood still to watch what ensued. When the rabbit had come within about a rod of him it stopped to listen and then jumped sideways into the fern and disappeared. Looking down the ride "the Ancient" saw a stoat coming up at a great pace, its tail carried straight out, its head level with its breast, and evidently running on the fresh scent.

The stoat's pace was so fast, however, that it overran the scent and went past the hidden watcher. It soon found its mistake and made a cast like a well-trained fox-hound. Not picking up the scent, it tried back to where the rabbit left the ride where it made another cast and struck the scent just in the fern. About twenty yards of the fern a sudden rustle, and away went Bunny. In five minutes my correspondent saw a rabbit's head looking out of a burrow about twenty-five yards off, and from its appearance he knew it was the hunted one. All at once it jumped out of the hole, followed by the stoat. It was evidently nearly spent. For a minute or two the pair disappeared, seconded by Mr. F. Darrell, who brought his talents as a vocalist into requisition, and then the rabbit made a rush into the ride.

Among the items seen and heard by me during the hour and a half of my stay was "Crazed," the well-known farce, in which Miss Kate Everleigh (Mrs. Solomon) played with much vivacity, well seconded by Mr. F. Darrell, who brought his talents as a vocalist into requisition.

is worthy of his accomplished pencil; the splendid opening scene, the king's palace, and the exquisite final tableau are triumphs of art, and were enthusiastically applauded. The costumes, designed by M. Gray and Russell, and made by Mr. Alias, are superb. Last, but far from being least, I must mention the beautiful music composed by Mr. Jacob. It is full of melody and the orchestra is masterly, always illustrative of the dramatic situations. This may also be said of the admirable overture, which includes a delicious "slow waltz" that reappears in the fourth tableau.

The pertinacity with which these "vermin" hunt down their prey is extraordinary and almost admirable. It is difficult at first to see why the rabbit does not speed away immediately beyond its antagonist's reach, for a rabbit at first starting is certainly quicker than a stoat. I suppose, however, that the latter has the greater staying power, and has such keen scent that he pursues the rabbit from place to place until it is overcome by exhaustion. In some cases, too, there can be no doubt that the stoat exercises some sort of fascination over the rabbit. To see a scene like that described is, in my opinion, much better than to see any number of coursing matches, for in the former case each animal is in his natural free condition, with nothing but himself to rely on, and the contest is a respect in which he differs considerably from Dickens.

The temperature of the stalls at the New Olympic has been agreeably heightened by the erection of an inner doorway on the O.P. side, but there is still a considerable amount of draught from the back of the pit. This, I understand, is owing to the refusal of the County Council to allow certain structural alterations to be made. If this be so, the members of the County Council might be invited to come and try the effect of the draught on their own comfort.

GENERAL CHATTER.

Sandwich men so thoroughly deserve public pity and sympathy that one feels reluctance in pointing out their occasional lack of consideration for other pedestrians. When hurrying through the narrow part of Bond-street the other afternoon, I, like other wayfarers, had to take to the roadway owing to the side pavement being occupied by a long procession of boardmen. The police should consider, prevent them from promenading any congested thoroughfares. Were this done the men themselves would be by no means displeased. It is not by their own orders that they impede traffic, but under

orders from superiors.

It would much promote the public convenience were vestries to so arrange that the street lamps should be quickly lighted on the occurrence of dense fog during the day time.

This is not of much consequence in thoroughfares occupied by shops, as their lights give sufficient illumination. But in residential districts the wayfarer must make his way as best he can through the funeral blackness, colliding with other pedestrians, knocking against lamp-posts, and often going all astray at crossings. The other afternoon I got astray in the Bloomsbury wilderness, and having lost my bearings altogether, eventually struck Oxford-street, instead of the Marylebone-road, my proper destination.

A correspondent draws my attention to the wonderful idea of shame and power of combination possessed by stoats, as avinced in certain narrations in one of Mr. F. O. Morris's works. As the cases are very similar it will be sufficient to cite one of them. A pair of stoats built their nest on the chimney of a house near Berlin. The owner of the house climbed up to the nest, and, finding one egg therein, removed it, substituting a goose's egg. All went well until the egg was hatched, when the male bird at once perceived something was wrong, and new oil with discordant shrieks. Four days afterwards about 500 stoats appeared in a field in front of the house. One stood about twenty yards in front, and apparently harangued the rest. He was replaced in turn by other birds. At about eleven o'clock in the morning the whole flock rose together in the air, uttering dismal cries. One of them, probably the offended male, rushed at the poor female and struck her off the nest. The remainder then flew to the attack and destroyed the female stoat, the gosling, and every vestige of the nest. No stoat was known to build there since this tragedy.

This account of a stoat's trial is fortunately corroborated by several other similar stories, so it would not be fair to doubt it. The birds evidently seemed to have considered that the gosling's birth was due to some fault of the mother bird, which, in stoat law, is punishable with death. But the husband would not take the responsibility of executing her on himself alone, but summoned a mass meeting of his race to decide the question with all due formality. It is certainly a most curious occurrence altogether, and one which would hardly be credible if it rested on one story alone, but which is certainly worthy of belief.

The gentler sex might, if they would, brighten the outer aspect of Christmas considerably by wearing less funeral raiment. It is positively depressing to attend church among a congregation garbed as if for a funeral. If every lovely—and unlively—one would only stick a bit of bright colour—scarlet for preference—here and there on her costume, the general effect would be vastly improved. Men cannot do much on these occasions, black broadclothes being apparently considered indispensable for coats and waistcoats. But a bright scarf would some slight extent lighten the general sombreness of their appearance.

Don't forget to carry a few coppers in your pockets, my friends, for the poor beggars in the streets. The majority may be—I fear they are—entirely undeserving of charity, but here and there cases of real necessity present themselves, and it would be a sin to remain unrelieved through fear of being imposed upon. Nor is it very difficult to distinguish the professional mendicant from the casual. The "mumpur" is a rascal enough in his whining supplications, but there is always something about the cut of his job which begets suspicion.

As regards other forms of largesse, the most deserving recipients are busmen, cabmen, postmen, dustmen, and scavengers. For myself, I recognise no obligation to bestow Christmas boxes on tradesmen's delivery men. When I was young it used to be the other way about: shopkeepers in those far off days usually presented their customers with gifts taken from their stock in trade. Perhaps it may be as well that this ancient custom has fallen into desuetude, but that is no reason whatever for replacing it by the dispensation of backsheds to delivery men. As well might customers present gratuities to shop assistants and to all others who administer to their requirements in however slight a degree.

Miss Johnson's Ophelia was a disappointment to me. It is too young and unformed.

The youthful artist is beginning at the wrong end. Instead of playing "leads" she should be learning her business in small parts. There is no royal road to success, however brilliant the essayist. One has to plod uphill. Miss Johnson is clever, and may one day be a "star," but not by playing Ophelia and the like before she has the requisite physique and necessary spiritual appreciation.

In connection with my recent comments on Army deferred pay and its injurious effects, I have received a letter of remonstrance from a quartermaster-sergeant, contending that it would be most unfair to abrogate the rights of men now in the service. Quite so; but who has ever proposed to do so? Certainly, I have not.

My only suggestion was that, since the present system operates injuriously in a very large number of cases, the time has come to search about for a better. I am the last man in the world to advocate the confiscation of rights secured by contract. But by giving the substituted scheme prospective effect only, the vested interests of those who entered under the existing contract would be strictly preserved.

Could I devote the remainder of the space at my disposal to any better purpose than to wish every reader of the People a right merry Christmas and many to follow? I do not, however, affect an infringement of their patent.

Whether that be so or not, I must determine to do so.

The people of the Empire, the Meistersingers, and the Red Hussar, were the chief attractions at the Empire, and the Meistersingers' performance was particularly brilliant.

By this time it was too late to go to the

Meistersingers, so I went straight to the Red Hussar, was giving by the aid of artist friends, an entertainment which, beginning at ten p.m., was expected to last till 2.30 a.m. When I entered Miss Lois Fuller was singing a song. The hall filled gradually as the hours wore on, and one by one the well-known people dropped in. Notably, Lord Londesborough, one of the patrons of the "show," Captain Shaw, and Mr. Haydon Coffin, who, for once, was a listener, not a performer.

Among the items seen and heard by me during the hour and a half of my stay was "Crazed," the well-known farce, in which Miss Kate Everleigh (Mrs. Solomon) played with much vivacity, well seconded by Mr. F. Darrell, who brought his talents as a vocalist into requisition.

diverting, too, were Miss Jessie Bond and Mr. Rutland Barrington in "A Swarthy Dansong." Mr. Fred Storey was encoraged in one of his wonderful dances, and Mr. Charles Collette sang "This face is near me in my dreams," with supposed interruptions on the part of costers calling their ware. Altogether, a very agreeable entertainment.

Before going to see Mr. Savile Clarke's dramatisation of Thackeray's "Rose and the Ring," I read the little tale again, and renewed my old enjoyment of its humours. I cannot conceive why the idea should have got abroad that the story would be most appropriately illustrated by child performers. Some of the personages in the narrative are young, but they are not juveniles. It may not be generally known that Thackeray himself once had dramatic ambition. He wrote a comedy which was rejected, and which he afterwards turned into a novel. Very few plays have been founded on his works—a respect in which he differs considerably from Dickens.

The gown was of royal blue cloth, very gracefully draped over a plain underskirt of gold-coloured foulé. The bodice was particularly striking; it was made of the blue cloth as an open jacket over a tight waistcoat of the foulé: the cloth sleeves, high and full on the shoulders, were slashed with the gold colour as far as the elbows; they tightened cuffs trimmed with gold silk cord. The bonnet was composed of gold-coloured foulé trimmed with the softest bows of royal blue velvet, narrow strings of blue velvet came from the back, and were tied loosely in front with long loops.

How lavish fashion is in giving us all sorts of soft bewitching adornments to brighten winter toilettes; ruffles made of feathers, chiffons, net lace and silk, are all the rage just now. Soft bows of chiffon are worn in the hair as well as on the dress, at afternoon and evening "at homes." The new kind of chiffon, with tiny flowers sprinkled all over it, is lovely. This, I think, is the most perfectly delicious thing ever invented for bows, while every one will have their own special fancies and no one can go very much astray in whatever form they make up this most becoming of fabrics.

Makers are, I understand, somewhat appalled by the paucity of orders, I have so far come to hand. Would purchasers are evidently holding off—wisely, I think—until the great tyro controversy has run its course. For myself, I stick to the good old solid next season, until some talented inventor furnishes a substance equally adapted to stand wear and tear. All that has been said about its inferiority has stood non-racing cyclists in good stead many years, while the slight gain of speed using hollow tyres is dearly purchased by increase of expense and the loss of endurance.

A contemporary discusses the question what is the narrowest width

THE THEATRES.

COMEDY.

The laughter which alternately rippled and rang throughout the performance of "Jane," the new three-act farce produced on Thursday night at Mr. Charles Hawtrey's theatre, was conclusive evidence that this lively purveyor of theatrical amusements of the lighter kind had at last secured an entertainment which bids fair to rival as a popular attraction the larks "Arabian Nights." Although the authors of this pleasant diversion, Messrs. Harry Nicholls and W. Lestocq, have evidently derived it from "Pete mo in Femina" ("Lend Me Your Wife")—a source previously tapped more than once by English adaptors—the latest version of the famous Parisian farce shows at least sufficient novelty of treatment to invest it with freshness if not with absolute originality. It is the old story retold of a gay young bachelor, piping before his provincial uncle as a husband and a father, with a view to wheedling the rich, kindly, and highly respectable old relative out of his fortune. In "Jane" the humorous imbroglio turns with tickling situations, studious, as it said, with ticklish jokes which, by some oversight, have escaped the plain pencil of the censor. The parlourmaid and footman of a bachelor's establishment are just as seriously married, when the master, wanting a wife, pretends, in order to hoodwink his uncle during the good old boy's brief visit, bribes the girl to pass as his wife. The fun elicited from this arrangement arises from a double cause—firstly, through the natural jealousy of the footman at seeing his "two days bride" fondled by his master; and, secondly, by the comical shifts the pretended couple are driven to keep up the deception. Amongst others, a couple of babies are evolved from their inner consciousness, one of which, borrowed for the nonce from a poor neighbour whose quiver is full of them, is introduced by the ingenuous parlourmaid while masquerading as her mistress, as her own offspring. This is too much for the jealous footman, who, in a rage of desperation, blurts out the truth to the one—*that Jane is not what she pretends to be, but his own wife*. The jealousy is not confined to the footman, but extends to the nephew's pretty sweetheart and also to the old maid, her chaperone. The highly enterprising parlourmaid proved an admirable vehicle for the expression of the quaint, keen, characteristic humour of the inimitable Miss Lottie Venn; and Mr. C. Hawtrey was equally well fitted as the comically embarrassed bachelor, compelled at each turn of the intrigue to invent yet another fib to give plausible credibility to its precursor. The fond and foolish old country uncle found a perfect exponent in that admirable comedian, Mr. H. Kemble. As the footman, bewildered at his new wife's strange going on, the face of Mr. C. Brookfield presented a perfect picture of ludicrous consternation, culminating in the burst of the final disclosure, and the stoliduous Miss Ada Murray, with the diminutive Mr. Hobson, in small parts, elicited fresh peals of laughter by physical contrast, superadded to funny impersonation. So well were the company, one and all, fitted, that though "Jane" as shown is essentially a farce, it was acted as a comedy throughout. Great merit is due to the authors for the keen, incisive point of their dialogue, albeit somewhat risky in certain lines, which, none the less, because by their double meaning they brought down the house, ought to disappear from the text.

SANGER'S AMPHITHEATRE.

The initial performance of the eighteenth annual Yuletide entertainment produced by Mr. George Sanger was given on Monday, when several attractive novelties were introduced. The performances in the ring were, as usual, of a high class, Middle C. Cotterell especially distinguishing himself in acts of equitation usually monopolised by the male sex. The higher class of riding and training were well illustrated by Middle N. Montero, Miss G. Sanger-Coleman, and Mr. G. Sanger. Some capable feats of horsemanship of the usual circus type were gone through by Mr. C. W. Cooke, Middle Nora, Mr. Sylvester, and Middle Louise. The clowning and variety items were also good of their class, and proved to the liking of the audience. In place of the usual pantomime, a farcical dramatic sketch is given, entitled "The Grand Water Carnival." In the interpretation of the story connected with a rustic love-story, a ploughing match, bull baiting, a stag hunt, an elopement, and rural sports are introduced, culminating in a conspiracy to flood the village by cutting a mill-dam. This is a realistic scene, as all kinds of boats and craft arrive on the scene, some of the rescues made when a bridge collapses being of a comical and exhilarating kind. The whole is capably mounted and arranged; and, judging by Monday's performance, which was only a dress rehearsal, when got into thoroughly working order Mr. G. Sanger's new departure is sure to prove popular and successful.

In the Lyceum revival of "Much Ado About Nothing," the characters of Claudio and Hero, formerly played by Mr. Forbes Robertson and Miss Millward, will be assumed by Mr. Terries and Miss Irish. Messrs. Macklin and Haviland, vice Messrs. Terries and Glenny, are to enact Don Pedro and Don John. The comedy will be seen again on the 5th January, after which it is to be given nightly in each week, with the exception of Fridays, when "Ravenswood" constitutes the entertainment.—The interior of the Globe is to be redecorated, new exits opened from the stalls, and the electric light installed, by Mr. Norman Forbes, before he enters upon management there at the end of January. The "Ironmaster" has proved the most attractive play in the repertoire of the Kendals at New York.—Early in the new year Mr. G. Alexander will change his venue from the Avenue to the St. James's, when his audiences to the cheaper parts of the house are to be reduced to popular rates.

"A Successful Production of Mr. Hasden Chapman's play, "The Idler," in New York, will probably cause it to be put in the forefront of the bill at the St. James's. Playgoers may look for the welcome return of Mr. Toole from Australia some time in February.

In the new play by Mr. H. A. Jones, to follow, "Called Back" at the Haymarket, the primitive simplicity of the little colony of Quakers occupying the back of St. Edmund, lying off the Cornhill, will be contrasted against the morals of Mayfair.—Mr. Thomas Thorne will re-open the enlarged Vaudeville during the first week of the new year with Mr. J. K. Jerome's "Woodbarrow Farm," which, it will be remembered, was originally produced at a matinee. The hero is to be impersonated by Mr. H. B. Conway. Mr. Henry Lee, an American melodramatic actor, will occupy the Avenue from the 1st of February, where he opens with "Monte Cristo." New plays will, in due course, become the order of the day—or night—at the New Olympic, where "The Lights of London," "Claudian," and "The Silver King" are booked for reproduction. The fashionable success of "Anthony and Cleopatra" at the Princess's is proved by the great increase in the number of the pit stalls. The rehearsals of Mr. Pinero's new play have commenced with the Garrick. The personal as well as artistic popularity of Mr. Willard has legitimated work for himself in New York, is shown by the fact of his having been feted at Delmonico's both at breakfast and dinner in one day.—Miss Sophie Eva has returned from America, and has

peared during the last nights of the week as a reciter at the Empire. It has only just come out that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has been writing a new play for the Haymarket, which was read by him to Mr. Tree and the company on the 10th inst. The story is illustrative of contemporary life, with scenes laid partly in London and partly on an island off the Cornish coast.—The alterations in "The People's Idol," which Mr. Wilson Barrett on the 11th instant invited the press to see, scarcely touch the main objection to the piece as noted on the first night; for the hero, a magistrate and man of the world, still believes himself to be a murderer, and acts accordingly, although it is this curious case of overstrained conscience which gives unreality to the plot.

A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER'S DIVORCE SUIT.

WADDELL V. WADDELL, CRAIG, EVERED.

—This was the husband's petition. The petitioner was Mr. Harry de Montford Wellborne, a solicitor, and the co-respondent Mr. Gilberd Elwyn Evered, against whom damages were claimed. The early portion of the case was reported in last week's edition.

EVIDENCE OF THE CO-RESPONDENT.

On the case being resumed on Monday, Mr. Gilberd Elwyn Evered, the co-respondent, was examined by the Solicitor-general. He said that he was 19 years of age last February. In 1888 he was a scholar at Brighton College in the Easter holidays of that year he made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Wellborne. On the evening of Easter Monday of the following year he visited the respondent, the usual order would be sufficient.—Mr. Bayford urged that Mrs. Wellborne should not have the costs allowed in regard to the cross-charges.—Mr. Searle contended that she should have the full costs.—His lordship did not think she was entitled as she had grossly misconducted herself. He had a discretionary power.—Mr. Searle said, according to the practice, if she succeeded she had her full costs. The usual order was up to the amount paid into court.—His lordship said he did not feel inclined to give either the respondent or co-respondent a half-penny more costs than he could help. They had both behaved very badly—in fact, as he had said, as all the parties had. Although the co-respondent had succeeded, he (the learned judge) was not disposed to allow Mr. Evered his costs. In private cases costs followed the event, but divorce actions came under a different Act of Parliament, and he had a discretionary power. Why should a discretion be exercised towards the wife, whose conduct had been atrociously bad throughout?—Mr. Searle said that she had succeeded, and had no means of her own.—His lordship said she had sufficient means found her for her defence. Why should she not be as much limited as any other suitor?—After some further discussion, this question was reserved.—The Solicitor-general asked for the early part of this year did you meet her and travel with her in the train? Yes.—And walked with her in the neighbourhood of her house, and made the walk longer by going round other roads? Oh, yes.—Upon any occasion did you commit any impropriety with her? Not beyond kissing her.—You are an article clerk to a surveyor? Yes.—Receiving any salary? £40 a year.—Have you any other source of income? My mother gave me £40 a year, and beyond that I have nothing.—Cross-examined by Mr. B. Ford, Q.C.: The situation he was in the petitioner got for him he thought his eldest brother had spoken to him about being seen with Mrs. Wellborne. He pointed out the impropriety of it? He thought it was rather foolish.—Has Mr. Wellborne spoken to you on the subject? Yes, he told me not to go to the house.—Did he disapprove of the intimacy? I suppose he did.

THE WELLBORNE DIVORCE CASE.

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KISSING THE LADY.

—When did the kissing first take place? On

one occasion at twelve o'clock at night. I was

alone in the drawing-room with Mrs. Wellborne, and I kissed her.—Did you think that the husband would not like it? I never thought of that at the time. (Laughter.)—From that time have you been kissing her frequently?

Yes.—Upon every occasion you have been alone together? Well, yes. (Laughter.)—Did she communicate to you her troubles at home? She said her husband was not very kind to her. Did she give any particulars? She told me he hit her once, and mentioned the billiard-room incident, and that she fainted three times.—What induced you to see her day after day? I enjoyed her society. Do you love her? I was very fond of her. I don't know that it amounted to love. (Laughter.)—Then it was for the purpose of enjoying her society you met and walked with her in dark places? We went in dark places as she was afraid of people seeing her. He went to bed about twelve o'clock, and found that the bed-clothes had been removed. He went into another room, followed by the prisoner. Witness detailed certain acts of prisoner. Witness told him to desist or he would make it hot for him. He spoke to Emma Clayton about it, and left prisoner's employ a week after.—Arthur Bedford, 16, now a soldier, deposed that he was engaged by Crumbley on September 6th, and on that day Ride made a statement to him. That was on Saturday, and on Sunday night there were people drinking late, so that it was Monday morning when they went to bed. Prisoner then said the house was full, and witness would have to sleep with him. After they had been in bed some time prisoner assaulted him. The following morning Emma Clayton asked him a question, and he made a statement to her. He never slept with prisoner again. On another occasion when they had made a statement to him. That was on Saturday, and on Sunday night there were people drinking late, so that it was Monday morning when they went to bed. Prisoner then said the house was full, and witness would have to sleep with him. After they had been in bed some time prisoner assaulted him. 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LAST WEEK'S POLICE.

BOW-STREET.

ALLEGED BETTING HOUSE IN CHANCERY-LANE.—Frederick Wilson, 47, of 16, Penyarn-road, Peckham, and 40, Chancery-lane, commission agent; and George Filmer, aged 40, of 77, Blackfriars-road, clerk, were charged with keeping certain rooms at 40, Chancery-lane, as a betting office.—Supt. Steggles said the circumstances under which the case arose had been under the consideration of the Treasury authorities for some time, and, in consequence of complaints, an order to search the premises was obtained. He entered them at 12.30 that day, and was informed by the prisoners that no betting books were on the premises. Search was made, and none were found, although the cupboards had the appearance of having been recently cleared.—The prisoners were brought to the station, but nothing was found on them relating to the charge.—Inspector Dennis, of Scotland Yard, deposed that on October 12th last he wrote to Messrs. Barker and Co., 40, Chancery-lane, in regard to a betting transaction, and received a letter enclosing a circular as to terms. He subsequently sent the money for a bet and received an acknowledgement, in which it was stated that it had been put on for Tostig, for the Cambridgeshire, at 10 to 1. The prisoners were remanded.

Thames.

ROBBERT AT A FIRE.—Alfred Brown, 26, who has many times been convicted for felonies, was charged with stealing a tin travelling trunk, the property of Levine Mazolinski, a dealer, in Church-lane, White-chapel.—On Thursday night a fire broke out in prosecutor's shop. Many of the goods were got out and placed for safety in the roadway, where a man named Emanuel Barnett was engaged to watch them. The latter saw Brown deliberately pick up a trunk, and walk away with it. Information was given to Mr. W. P. Bodkin with attempting to commit suicide at Finchley.—P.C. Head deposed that as he was passing along a public footpath through the fields leading from East End-road to Regent's Park-road, Finchley, on Friday afternoon, he saw the prisoner kneeling on the ground with his back turned towards him. Witness walked up to him, and saw a quantity of blood on the ground. Prisoner turned round, and witness then saw that blood was streaming from his throat. In reply to a question as to what he had been doing, he said, "I came here, offered up a prayer, and meant to cut my throat." Witness told him that he should take him into custody, when he said that he had better take the knife as well, and handed him an ordinary pocket-knife produced, which was saturated with blood.—Prisoner was remanded, and the magistrate gave instructions for his going out and his return. The difference he was expected to account for in cash. On November 19th he was said to have gone out with goods value £20 in 1d., and had to account on his return for £318s. 6d. He said that was more than he had received, and some words taking place between him and the cashier, the prisoner left in a temper, saying he would not pay anything at all, and would rather do it in penance. It was proved that on the day in question he had been paid 7s. 6d. for the prosecutor's goods by a Mrs. Garrett, of the Clarence beer-shop, Jamaica-road, Bermondsey, and 41 1d. by Mr. Wright, publican, of 143, Drummond-road. Those sums he had not accounted for, and had not attended his work since.—Mr. Bushby then sentenced him to three months' hard labour.—After the prisoner had been removed to gaol, a solicitor appeared and said he had been instructed to defend the man, but had been detained elsewhere. He believed he could put a different complexion on the case.—Mr. Bushby said he could not re-hear it. The solicitor then gave notice of appeal to quarter sessions, and said the prisoner was a man of exemplary character, whose wife and six children were left destitute by his conviction.—Mr. Bushby said the appeal could be lodged and the sureties—two in £25 each—provided in the ordinary course.

Clerkenwell.

AT THE CATTLE SHOW.—Frank Randall, 26, who gave an address in Islington, was charged with stealing an overcoat from the Agricultural Hall.—The prosecutor was Mr. F. Corbett, an agricultural implement maker, of the Perseverance Iron Works, Shrewsbury. He said that he was removing his goods, when some one called his attention to the prisoner walking away with the overcoat which witness had taken off and placed behind a stand. The prisoner had got some distance when witness stopped him and then the prisoner said, "Mr. Davis gave me the coat and told me to take it to his cab at the door," but when required to produce Mr. Davis, he said he did not know him or where he was in the hall.—He now pleaded guilty and was sentenced to one month's hard labour.

A BIG BUNDLE FOR ONE MAN.—John Smith, 30, who said he was a labourer, without a home, was charged with robbing furnished lodgings.—Thomas Hudson, a mechanic of Bridge-street, Islington, said that the prisoner on the 10th of November took a bed-room in his house as a weekly tenant. He entered into occupation and slept in the house one night. When he had gone next morning, a table cover, two sheets, a blanket and a quilt were missed. From the kitchen, a coat and vest, six sheets, nine pillow cases, and other articles had been taken. How he had managed to escape with such a bundle of property without detection was a mystery.—The police thought the prisoner was wanted on many similar charges and that his name was not "John Smith."—Mr. Horace Smith remanded the prisoner.

North London.

SAD STORY OF CRIME AND SEDUCTION.—Bessie White, a good-looking girl of 16, who said she had no home, was charged on remand for stealing on December 4th, from No. 5, Colenso-road, Clapton, a silver watch, a dress shirt, three silk handkerchiefs, and other articles, valued at 40s., the property of Mrs. Ann Worth, her employer.—The prosecutor said she was a "captain" in the Salvation Army and was engaged in the rescue work carried on by Mrs. Branwell Booth. After the prisoner had been under the care of the "army" at one of the rescue homes for a week, witness took her into her employ, but on December 4th, after a stay of one week only, she absconded, leaving her own clothing. A number of articles being then missed information was given to the police. On the 5th inst., at midnight, the girl surrendered herself at Bow-street Police Station, and the next morning she was handed over to Det. Knott, J Division. To him she said, "A man is the cause of all this. I was seduced by him at a hotel near Blackfriars, and I stole the things to try and find him." She also handed to the officer two pawn-tickets, one relating to some property.—The prisoner cried, and said it was quite true she took the things, but it was also evident from a further statement she made that she now wished to shield the man she alleged had seduced her.—Det. Knott said the girl had had a singular career. Her parents resided at Woolwich, and at the age of twelve she had pronounced by a magistrate to be beyond her parents' control, and was sent to the King Edward Industrial School at Hackney. She had not been there long before she stole a shawl belonging to the matron, for which offence she was charged at Worship-street, and sentenced to ten days' imprisonment, to be followed by five years in a reformatory. There

gentleman interested himself on her behalf, and a petition for her release was presented to the Home Secretary, who ordered her discharge, after two months' detention. She then went to Ireland to live with a relative, and there she met her seducer. He decoyed her to London, took her the round of the music halls, and then deserted her.—Mr. Haden Corser sentenced her to a month's hard labour.

Marylebone.

ALLIED BETTING HOUSE IN CHANCERY-LANE.—Frederick Wilson, 47, of 16, Penyarn-road, Peckham, and 40, Chancery-lane, commission agent; and George Filmer, aged 40, of 77, Blackfriars-road, clerk, were charged with keeping certain rooms at 40, Chancery-lane, as a betting office.—Supt. Steggles said the circumstances under which the case arose had been under the consideration of the Treasury authorities for some time, and, in consequence of complaints, an order to search the premises was obtained. He entered them at 12.30 that day, and was informed by the prisoners that no betting books were on the premises. Search was made, and none were found, although the cupboards had the appearance of having been recently cleared.—The prisoners were brought to the station, but nothing was found on them relating to the charge.—Inspector Dennis, of Scotland Yard, deposed that on October 12th last he wrote to Messrs. Barker and Co., 40, Chancery-lane, in regard to a betting transaction, and received a letter enclosing a circular as to terms. He subsequently sent the money for a bet and received an acknowledgement, in which it was stated that it had been put on for Tostig, for the Cambridgeshire, at 10 to 1. The prisoners were remanded.

BRANDY, BEER, LARDANUM, AND DEATH.—Dr. Danford Thomas held an inquiry concerning the death of Eliza Sarah Brace, 43, the wife of a clerk, of Sidney-road, Hornsey. The evidence showed that the deceased was given to "secret" drinking. Latterly she had drunk as much as a pint of brandy a day. From the 7th inst. she kept her bed, ill. On Tuesday night her husband went to bed in an adjoining room, leaving her with Maud Billatt, their servant. At four next morning deceased awoke the latter, and requested her to fetch some lardanum from a cupboard downstairs, as she felt so bad. Billatt, after a protest, got the lardanum, and deceased drank a teaspooonful after taking two glasses of ale. Subsequently she complained of pain, and drank more "beer" and lardanum. At six o'clock she asked for brandy, and Billatt went out to get some, but could not. On her return she found her mistress lying partly out of bed, and apparently dying. She called her master, who came in just as his wife expired.—Dr. French, who made a post-mortem, stated that all the organs were diseased, showing signs of chronic alcoholism. Death was due to syncope, consequent on an overdose of lardanum.—A verdict of death from misadventure was returned.

INQUESTS.—**BRENT, LONDON, AND DEATH.**—Dr. Danford Thomas held an inquiry concerning the death of Eliza Sarah Brace, 43, the wife of a clerk, of Sidney-road, Hornsey. The evidence showed that the deceased was given to "secret" drinking. Latterly she had drunk as much as a pint of brandy a day. From the 7th inst. she kept her bed, ill. On Tuesday night her husband went to bed in an adjoining room, leaving her with Maud Billatt, their servant. At four next morning deceased awoke the latter, and requested her to fetch some lardanum from a cupboard downstairs, as she felt so bad. Billatt, after a protest, got the lardanum, and deceased drank a teaspooonful after taking two glasses of ale. Subsequently she complained of pain, and drank more "beer" and lardanum. At six o'clock she asked for brandy, and Billatt went out to get some, but could not. On her return she found her mistress lying partly out of bed, and apparently dying. She called her master, who came in just as his wife expired.—Dr. French, who made a post-mortem, stated that all the organs were diseased, showing signs of chronic alcoholism. Death was due to syncope, consequent on an overdose of lardanum.—A verdict of death from misadventure was returned.

INFANT MORTALITY.—Four inquests were held at Islington by Dr. Danford Thomas, on the bodies of 100 infants who died in ways and under circumstances necessitating inquiry. Edward Charles Lovell, the fifteen months old son of a clerk, of Collybrooke-row, expired suddenly from a constitutional disease with which he was afflicted. Dorothy Bertha Nash, aged two months, the daughter of a butcher of Devonshire-road, Upper Holloway, was removed, for the sake of warmth, by the mother from a basinette into her bed, and Mrs. Nash, falling asleep with the child beside her, accidentally overlaid it. Death ensued from suffocation. Convulsive seizures caused the death of Reginald Finch, aged four weeks, the son of a clerk, of Riversdale-road; and of Graham Webber, aged eighteen months, whose parents reside in Copenhagen-street, Barnsbury. Verdicts in accordance with the medical evidence were returned.

HIGHGATE.—**HE OFFERED A PRAYER AND ATTEMPTED TO CUT OUT HIS TEAR-OAT.**—Alfred Newman, a very respectable looking man, described as a painter, of no fixed home, was charged before Mr. W. P. Bodkin with attempting to commit suicide at Finchley.—P.C. Head deposed that as he was passing along a public footpath through the fields leading from East End-road to Regent's Park-road, Finchley, on Friday afternoon, he saw the prisoner kneeling on the ground with his back turned towards him. Witness walked up to him, and saw a quantity of blood on the ground. Prisoner turned round, and witness then saw that blood was streaming from his throat. In reply to a question as to what he had been doing, he said, "I came here, offered up a prayer, and meant to cut my throat." Witness told him that he should take him into custody, when he said that he had better take the knife as well, and handed him an ordinary pocket-knife produced, which was saturated with blood.—Prisoner was remanded, and the magistrate gave instructions for his friends to be communicated with.

Lambeth.

SMOKER IN COAL.—Mr. Roberts, from the solicitor's department of the London County Council, had the following summons before Mr. Birns against parties for selling coal short in weight. Meesa Ryman & Co., York-road, King's Cross, fined 2s. and costs; Thomas Hammond, Industry-terrace, Brixton-road, 2s. and costs; Frederick Burks, Vining-street, Brixton-road, and costs; Jessie Bardell, Corporation-road, Stockwell, 2s. and costs; and Meesa Brinkley and Sons, Old Town, Clapham, 1s. and costs.

ONE MONTH FOR CRUELTY TO A DONKEY.—Frederick Caswell, butcher, of 186, Tufts Hill, appeared to a summons taken out by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for cruelty to a donkey. Mr. Barrington prosecuted for the society.—From the evidence it appeared that the defendant had left the animal exposed to the cold in a paddock without food for six or seven weeks.

M. HOLLINGTON, VETERINARY SURGEON, stated that the animal died in consequence of exposure and want of proper food.—Mr. Birns said it was a most shameful case of cruelty, and sentenced the prisoner to one month, and remanded him to the ordinary course.

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ALLRED INDECENT ASSAULT ON A GIRL.—**SHOOTING WITNESS IN COAL.**—Mr. Roberts, from the solicitor's department of the London County Council, had the following summons before Mr. Birns against parties for selling coal short in weight. Meesa Ryman & Co., York-road, King's Cross, fined 2s. and costs; Thomas Hammond, Industry-terrace, Brixton-road, 2s. and costs; Frederick Burks, Vining-street, Brixton-road, and costs; Jessie Bardell, Corporation-road, Stockwell, 2s. and costs; and Meesa Brinkley and Sons, Old Town, Clapham, 1s. and costs.

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ONE MONTH FOR CRUELTY TO A DONKEY.—Frederick Caswell, butcher, of 186, Tufts Hill, appeared to a summons taken out by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for cruelty to a donkey. Mr. Barrington prosecuted for the society.—From the evidence it appeared that the defendant had left the animal exposed to the cold in a paddock without food for six or seven weeks.

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"THE PEOPLE" MIXTURE.

A fire at a yarn mill near Wakefield has done damage to the extent of £12,000. There were 1,767 deaths and 2,293 births in London last week.

The municipal voters in the City aggregate 22,612. There were 27,223 last year.

Fifty-six deaths in London last week were attributable to accident or negligence.

There were no fewer than ten deaths from burns or scalds last week in the metropolis.

Great Britain, with her population of thirty-eight millions, has an army of 61,000 men.

There were 487 deaths in the metropolis last week from diseases of the respiratory organs.

The County Council has resolved to forward to the Charity Commissioners certain recommendations and suggestions for the amendment of the scheme for the management of Alleyn's College at Dulwich.

A terrible accident has occurred in the Foden Gottes Colliery, Saxony. A boy of 12 years, who was engaged in the works, being overcome by the fumes of a heap of live coal, fell upon the burning mass and was literally burned alive.

Nearly all the rivers in county Limerick have overflowed their banks within the past few days and a great extent of the surrounding country is inundated, the water in some places being five or six feet deep. A man named Daneworth has been drowned.

It is said that the report of the Land Commission shows that while the average of purchase for holdings sold under the Purchase Act was, in 1886, 16 years' purchase, it has been in 1890 16-7 years. Only 41,000 of arrears remain unpaid up to the present.

Samuel Lyons, labourer, was, at the Whitehaven Police Court, committed for trial on the charge of attempting to murder his wife by cutting her throat with a razor. After the wound was inflicted, the woman, who is a hospital nurse, became ill with typhus fever, and was confined for some time to the hospital.

Mrs. Lyons, an old lady occupying the position of caretaker of Barrandene Catholic Church, Wicklow, was found murdered in her cottage, which is close by the church. She is known to have had money saved, and a tramp who was seen lurking in the neighbourhood of the house is suspected of the crime.

The body of William McCullough, aged 22 years, who resided with his parents at Grahamstown, Barrhead, has been found in an old quarry at Cross Stabs, Barrhead, near Paisley. The deceased had evidently missed his way in the darkness, and fell a distance of over 100ft. The remains were terribly disfigured.

A gas engineer, named John Deakin, was drowned while shooting at Saccombe, near Birkenhead. He fired at and killed a bird, which dropped on the ice covering a deep pit. His dog went to fetch the bird, but the ice broke and the dog fell into the water. Mr. Deakin, in trying to get the dog out, also fell through the ice and was drowned.

Dr. Dacre Fox, of Leeds, obtained, at Leeds Assizes, a verdict for £1,000 for a libel published by the proprietors of a patient medicine. The libel consisted in the defendants publishing in one of their pamphlets a statement that the plaintiff had wrongly treated a patient, that the latter had died but lost his life under the treatment, and that his life had been saved by taking their medicine.

Two men, named Mitchell and Hall, in the service of the London and North-Western Railway Company, at Little Bridge, were charged, at the West London Police Court, with robbing their employers. Mitchell had, in answer to inquiries by the police, informed them that Hall had taken a number of articles from the trucks since January, and Mitchell had participated in the thefts. The prisoners were remanded in custody.

James Grant, 45, superintendent in the Hampshire constabulary, was indicted at the Winchester Assizes for forgery. Prisoners had held his office for a great many years, and every conduct was reposed in him. He had forged numbers of receipts, and appropriated money, taking altogether several hundred pounds. The judge sentenced the prisoner to five years' penal servitude, and commented on the loose way in which the public accounts of Hampshire were audited.

Three respectably-dressed middle-aged men were watched by the City police last week loitering about several banks, and it was believed that they were looking for an opportunity to commit a felony. The police followed the men ultimately to Snow Hill railway station, and there saw them open a lady's bag and take out a purse. The men, whose names are Wilson, Ford, and McKeown, were brought before the magistrate at the Guildhall and remanded.

Another occurrence is reported from Akron, Ohio. Eight lady students of Buchtel College, who were dressed in fancy costume, were entertaining thirty other ladies in a building connected with the college, when the dress of one of the students caught fire.

The others endeavoured to extinguish the flames, which, however, spread to their own clothing, until the dresses of the entire party were on fire. The result was that ten were badly burned, two of them so terribly that they will probably succumb to their injuries.

Mr. Chamberlain presided at a meeting of the management committee of the Birmingham Liberal Unionist Association, together with the chairman and secretaries of the Parliamentary divisions and wards, called for the purpose of considering the proposed formation of a joint Unionist committee. He moved a resolution approving the formation of a joint Unionist committee for purposes of consultation and advice in matters affecting the welfare of the local Unionist party. This resolution was passed unanimously.

Sir H. James presided at a dinner given by the Liberal Club to Mr. J. A. Froude, and, in proposing the principal toast, claimed that what had just happened in Ireland had triumphantly vindicated the stand made by the Liberal Unionists in 1881 against Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy. For five years, he said, they stood in the pass, and had saved their country, but they could not defend it from the varate, for their opponents were influenced by sedition. Mr. Froude, in responding, dwelt on the history of the last Irish Parliament, declaring that it was the most pitiable, shocking, and frightful thing on record, and pointed to it as a warning against granting Home Rule to Ireland.

The Court of Appeal has given judgment in a test case involving the liability of banks in respect of bonds deposited with them by stockbrokers as security for advances made to themselves. Some bonds belonging to a Mr. Simmons were in this manner deposited with the London Joint-Stock Bank, which, on the failure of the broker, claimed them as owners for value. Their lordships held that the bank's claim to be entitled to the bonds had failed, and in Little's case, as well as that of Simmons, they dismissed the appeal, and refused to stay execution.

Mr. C. Dilke read a paper before the Royal Statistical Society on the defence expenditure of the chief military and naval Powers. Having contrasted the amount spent on the British forces with that on the French, German, Italian, and Russian, showing that we paid a much larger sum for a vastly smaller force on land, he observed that, in proportion to results, we did not pay extravagantly for our Navy, compared with other great naval Powers. But in regard to the enormous expenditure on our Army, it did not afford that

the results in other countries, it ought to provide.

"To know her was truly a liberal education," writes a well-known journalist of Mrs. Mundella.

Influenza is reported to be raging severely at the cavalry station at Elizabethabad. Upwards of 700 horses have been attacked.

Small-pox is reported to be raging in Guatemala, and 1,200 deaths have occurred in seven weeks.

All the schools at Peshawar have been closed in consequence of outbreaks of diphtheria and scarlatina in the town.

The dispute in the Bolton and district cotton spinning trade has been amicably settled.

A number of Roman Catholic inhabitants of Monostor, in Hungary, have embraced Protestantism, as they consider that they have not been well treated by their priest.

Lord Brabourne has, at the unanimous desire of the justices of the division, consented to retain the chairmanship of the East Kent Quarter Sessions.

Sir Edward Watkin, M.P., has sent a cheque for £100 to the mayor of Folkestone for distribution among the poor of the United Boroughs of Folkestone, Sandgate, and Hythe.

The schools in the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, will not be re-opened after Christmas; they are no longer found necessary, as the boys are all up to the requisite standard of education when they enter the works.

Lord Coleridge, the president, accompanied by Lady Coleridge, will preside at the annual meeting of the Paddington Free Public Library on Saturday, January 17th, at the National Eisteddfod next year.

Miss Talbot, of Margam, has signified to Aberavon Town Council her intention to provide a site of two acres and subscribe £200 towards the proposed intermediate school at Aberavon.

The United States and Norway have both a much larger tonnage of sailing ships than of steamers, but Norway is increasing her sailing tonnage as well as her steamers, while America is decreasing her sailing ships.

The Queen, owing to other engagements, has intimated that she cannot accept the invitation to visit Wales on the occasion of the Welsh National Eisteddfod next year.

The Bishop of Wakefield was entertained at dinner in that town on the evening, and a subsequent reception was presented with the title-deeds of the land which has been selected as the site of his new residence.

At Christmas, probably the betrothal will be announced of Prince Christian, the Heir Presumptive to the throne of Denmark, and the Princess Margaret, the youngest daughter of the Empress Frederick.

The death of Sir Edgar Boehm will necessitate the carrying out by another hand of the proposed new marble to replace Lough's statue of the Queen in the middle space of the Royal Exchange.

There were 92 deaths from measles in London last week, 39 from scarlet fever, 45 from diphtheria, 27 from whooping-cough, 13 from enteric fever, and 12 from diarrhoea and dysentery.

The result of the entertainment given by old boys of Garrick and Ingoldsby Dramatic Clubs to an old colleague overtaken by blindness was a purse of 120 guineas and a beautiful velvet testimonial.

A bill has been introduced in the Legislative Council of the province of Quebec to diminish the expense of elections by making it obligatory on every voter to exercise his franchise.

A Ghazi has run amuck in the lines of the 12th Bengal Cavalry at Aporzai. He was killed after wounding three men. Several instances of such acts of fanaticism have occurred recently.

The Russian explorer, Count Pevscoff, has arrived at the town of Mavros, in Chinese territory. His expedition was good health, and it was expected to reach Zaysan during the present month.

The Home Secretary has refused to interfere with the sentence of six years' penal servitude passed upon Catherine Kildor for attempting to murder Dr. Bright, master of University College, Oxford.

The result of the poll in the parish of All Saints', Poplar, on the question of the adoption of the Public Libraries Act, has been declared as follows:—For the adoption of the Act, 3,301; against it, 31;—majority, 2,297.

The coalheavers' strike at Gibraltar is devoid of importance, as Spanish labourers are willing to work in place of the strikers, and the coaling of steamers continues.

Several freight conductors and other trainmen on the Cincinnati division of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad have been arrested at Louisville. They are charged with the deliberate wrecking of trains, and it is alleged that a great conspiracy has been discovered.

A wealthy widow, Frau Kathi Hoffman, has left her fortune to the weavers of Vienna. Masters and men are to have equal right to the interest of the money if they can show that they are in urgent need. The charitable lady's husband earned his fortune with the loom.

The China Squadron was recently caught in a severe gale, which considerably damaged some of the ships. One man was washed overboard, but was afterwards picked up.

The Rattler was so skilfully handled as to cause the admiral to signal to her commander.

"Keep out of literature," says Mr. Frederic Harrison, "at least until you feel ready to burst. Never write a line except out of a sense of duty, or with any other object save that of getting it off your mind."

Mrs. A. Do you notice how attentive the colonel is to Clara? I think there must be something between them.—Mrs. B.: I don't think there could be anything between them, they're so very close together.

The body of a licensed waterman, named Edward Watkins, aged 50, has been found in a limekiln at Coside, Plymouth. The body was charred almost beyond recognition. It is supposed that the deceased went into the kiln for warmth and got suffocated.

It is announced from Geneva that the Federal Council has ordered the expulsion from Swiss territory of five Anarchists—namely, Bernard and Weil (Frenchmen), Gallicani and Petraroya (Italians), and Livojo (an Austrian).

The Edinburgh Town Council have unanimously resolved to remove Mr. Parnell's name from the burges roll. Mr. John Morley is at present in Ireland in connection with the Tipperary prosecutions, which, however, owing to an accident to the solicitor for the defence, have been postponed.

A remarkable "unemployed" meeting was held at the Memorial Hall, London, the other afternoon, when twenty-two unattached Congregational ministers met to confer with the secretary of the London Congregational Union as to the question of introduction to vacant parsonages. No definite result was come to, the meeting being adjourned.

Mr. Burnie made an application at the Central Criminal Court in the case of a person, named Carey, charged with an unlawful assembly and riot in connection with a movement known as "The Early Closing Association" in Shoreditch, that the trial should be postponed until the next session. The application was granted.

The cost of the stamps for the probate on the will of the late Mr. De Soysa, of Bombay—who died from hydrocephalus, the result of a dog bite—amounts to 30,000 rupees. The value of the property, real and personal, left by the deceased has been sworn at under 40 lakhs of rupees. Each of the daughters of the deceased is to receive property of the value of two lakhs of rupees on the occasion of her marriage.

When it was found necessary that the Princess Beatrice should remain confined to her room, the Queen, it is said, betrayed extraordinary apprehension. December is a fatal month for her, and the princess fell sick a few days before the 14th, the death day not only of the Prince Consort but of the Emperor Menelik to Queen Victoria, protesting against an Italian Protectorate. The Queen has also appointed the Rev. Edward Stuart Talbot, D.D., vicar of Leeds, Yorkshire, to be one of the honorary chaplains to her Majesty.

After an absence of fifteen years from England, the 1st Border Regiment, commanded by Colonel Gillies, arrived at Dover on Monday evening from India, having reached Portsmouth on Sunday. The regiment is 700 strong, but out of this number only nine men remain in it who belonged to it when the regiment left England. The men were wearing the Indian service helmet, and appear to have suffered from the severe cold very much.

A very strongly-worded official denial is given to the statement that the Italian Ambassador in London had, in a confidential despatch, referred to a letter from the Emperor Menelik to Queen Victoria protesting against an Italian Protectorate. The Italian Government has heard nothing of such a document, and no communication or observation of the kind has been made either by the Italian ambassador in London or the Italian Ambassador in Rome.

The receipts on account of revenue from the 1st of April, 1890, when there was a balance of £25,220,261, to December 13th, 1890, were £26,537,514, against £25,651,159 in the corresponding period of the preceding financial year, which began with a balance of £25,352,992. The net expenditure was £25,002,171, against £25,341,887 to the same date in the previous year. The Treasury balances on December 13th, 1890, amounted to £21,127,008, and at the same date in 1889 to £21,032,235.

There was a large gathering of Freemasons at Reading on Monday, when the Prince of Wales installed the Duke of Clarence as Provincial Grand Master of Berkshire. The Duke of Connaught was also present, and the Royal visitors received an enthusiastic welcome. At the luncheon which followed, Lord Carrington, who has just returned from New South Wales, was present and doctored great fun from the brethren in that part of the world. It was announced that his lodges

would become the Provincial Grand Master for the new Province of Bucks.

Russia boasts an army of 5,200,000 men.

Mr. Parnell's favourite flower of speech is the Healytropae.

Henry George has now entirely retired from journalism.

Frank Ahlers, a New York youth, is dead of epilepsy, produced, so the doctors say, by excessive smoking of cigarettes.

A large flight of seagulls was seen on the Thames, in the neighbourhood of Waterloo Bridge, the other afternoon.

The Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha will be the guests of the Queen during the Christmas festivities.

Does Mr. Edison sigh for literary honour?

At all events, he is said to be engaged on a scientific novel.

A terrible accident has occurred in Piedmont. An officer and five soldiers were engulfed in an avalanche.

A Chicago car recently ran down a thief, and there is some talk of putting it on the detective force.

In the years 1868 and 1869 there were nearly 43 persons in receipt of poor relief out of over 1,000 inhabitants of the metropolis; in 1890 there are 20,666 less than one half.

The Duke of Cambridge is going to the Mediterranean early next month for a few weeks, and he will stay at Malta for about a fortnight.

The well-known tourists' rendezvous, the Royal Hotel, Kilkeel, County Down, was destroyed by fire a few days ago.

"Honourable man" is the latest epithet thrown at Mr. Parnell's head. The "dismayed king" threw it himself.

Sister Rose Gertrude, it is rumoured, will again take the veil. It will be decorated with orange blossoms this time.

How I love you fondly, passionately, devotedly.—She: Ah, that remark has the genuine engagement ring about it.

Boston has just interred one of its weightiest citizens—Mr. Bean, who balanced the scales at 304lb. He was a broad bean.

"Try our 'next morning' remedy. Your headache cured while you wait." This significant placard appears in the window of a Boston druggist.

When a girl gets to be 35 she is fond of being called Daisy, if that should happen to be her first name. At 16 she insists on being called Miss Smith.

It is when an aged lady enters a crowded tramcar that the man seated near the door really feels that he is getting his money's worth out of his newspaper.

If what an American paper says is true, aristocratic blood has a curious effect on the English girl. The better her position, says this authority, the longer her face.

An American exchange has it that the impudent King of Hawaii, who is to pay the States a visit, has left his crown with his "uncle," and is working his passage.

Mr. Haines, who figured so prominently in the Oxford shooting case, has resigned his Oxford fellowship, and come to London to lecture for the bar.

Sir J. Pope Hennessy has assured his friends in London that as far as his best advisers in the district can predict his success at Kilkenny is certain.

The Pope has composed two short Latin odes, which were this week read at the celebration of the bi-centenary of the Academy of Human Arcadians.

The lower class of negroes living in the slums of Kansas City have been seized with a craze similar to the Messiah craze of the redskins, owing to the influence of a "Voodoo doctor" from Bismarck, Dakota.

A commercial traveller, named Ollorshaw, in the employ of Mr. F. Hutchinson, a flour factor in the City, was charged with embezzlement and forgery. It was stated that the deficiency in his accounts exceeded £1,000. For the defendant it was

urged

VOLUNTEER GOSSIP.

[Communications to us—This column should be delivered at the office not later than 6 p.m. on Tuesday.]

Conducting disqualification is said to exist among serving-soldiers of Volunteer corps owing to the War Office authorities refusing to recognize their claim to warrant or substantive rank. On their part they contend their dates are quite as encroaching as those performed by non-commissioned officers of a similar rank in the Regular Army.

It has further argued that their expenses are heavier in subduing their positions compared with those of their fellows in the one or service, and, finally, that they are now seen compounding, but there unfortunately appears to be good ground for them.

One is always sorry to hear at this period of the year that remonances are taken out against volunteers who have failed to comply with the regulations of the service. The man who fails will be held responsible for his duty is no good airmen, and ought to be held responsible for his conduct.

ELMAZ.

VOLUNTEER REGIMENTAL ORDERS.

REGIMENTAL.—Drill suspended.

REGIMENTAL.—Tues and Fri., school of arms.

REGIMENTAL.—Mon., recruit drill, 7.30 a.m.

TUESDAY.—School of arms, 7.30 a.m., Tues, and Fri.

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SPORTS OF THE PEOPLE.

[The Events of the Week up to Wednesday.
Night will be found in "Larry Lynn's" Article.]

BLOODSTOCK SALES AT NEWMARKET.

Mrs. Tattersall's sales were continued at Newmarket on Thursday, when the following were some of the best purchases made.—Petrol, bay mare, by Mr. de la Poer, 12st 2lb; Hildene, black mare, by Mr. Stubbings, 12st 2lb; Hampshire, by mare, by Hampton, dam Miss Asturias, 12st 2lb; Sir Richard Griffiths—Brood mare, Lady Mary, 12st 2lb; dam Lady Emily, 12st 2lb; Lord Rosse—Filly, bay mare, by Lord Rosse, 2,000s.; Mr. Hart—Filly, bay mare, by Lord Rosse, 2,000s.; Mr. St. John—Filly, 12st 2lb; Mrs. St. John—Filly, by Sir St. John Griffiths—Brook, 12st 2lb; dam Lady Shaver, dam Miss Asturias, 12st 2lb; Mr. Solon—Filly, bay, four years, by Rochester, dam The Cat, 12st 2lb; George Barrett—Calypso, dam Green Tail, 1,000s.; Lord Rosse—Eccentric, brown, 12st 2lb, four years, by Harvester, dam Queen, 2,000s.; Mr. J. Abramson—Filly, two years, brown, colt by Sir John, dam Wind of Fortune, 2,000s.

Polyphemus, chestnut colt, three years, by Peacock, dam Migration, 2,000s.; Mr. T. Jennings, son—Graceful Head, chestnut mare, by Head On, dam Lady Trap, 1,000s.; Mr. Asquith—Scarborough, by Mr. Waller, 12st 2lb; Mrs. Penderbury—Vanity, by Lismore, dam Van, 1,000s.; Captain Fife—Cosmopolitan, chestnut mare, Cambelle, by Thoroughbred, out of Cosmopolitan, 12st 2lb; Mr. Brown—Mousieur de Paris, chestnut horse, bred by Mr. Underbank, 12st 2lb; Mr. T. Lester—Inches, bay colt, 3 years, by Redhead, 1,000s.; Mr. W. H. Heathcote—Col, brown, 12st 2lb, two years, by W. H. Heathcote, dam Whistle, 1,000s.; Mr. J. Abramson—Filly, two years, brown, colt by Sir John, dam Wind of Fortune, 2,000s.

Polyphemus, chestnut colt, three years, by Peacock, dam Migration, 2,000s.; Mr. T. Jennings, son—Graceful Head, chestnut mare, by Head On, dam Lady Trap, 1,000s.; Mr. Asquith—Scarborough, by Mr. Waller, 12st 2lb; Mrs. Penderbury—Vanity, by Lismore, dam Van, 1,000s.; Captain Fife—Cosmopolitan, chestnut mare, Cambelle, by Thoroughbred, out of Cosmopolitan, 12st 2lb; Mr. Brown—Mousieur de Paris, chestnut horse, bred by Mr. Underbank, 12st 2lb; Mr. T. Lester—Inches, bay colt, 3 years, by Redhead, 1,000s.; Mr. W. H. Heathcote—Col, brown, 12st 2lb, two years, by W. H. Heathcote, dam Whistle, 1,000s.; Mr. J. Abramson—Filly, two years, brown, colt by Sir John, dam Wind of Fortune, 2,000s.

Mrs. Tattersall's sales were concluded at Newmarket on Friday, when the following were some of the chief prices realised.—Aurelia, chestnut mare, by Head On, dam Perfume, 1,000s.; Mr. George Barrett—Myrtle, bay mare, by Rock, the Devil, dam Star, 1,000s.; Mr. Hart—Filly, 12st 2lb; Shore, chestnut mare, by John Davis, dam Distast, 1,000s.; Mr. Bassett—Windrush II., by Farouche, dam Universe, 12st 2lb; Mr. Wittenbeck—Painted Lady, 1,000s.; Mr. Stubbings—Filly, 12st 2lb; Mr. Hart—Underbank, 1,000s.; Mr. W. H. Heathcote—Col, brown, 12st 2lb; Lord Midleton, 1,000s.; Mrs. Tattersall—Filly, 12st 2lb.

MRS. TATTERSALL'S SALES AT NEWMARKET.

Mr. Tattersall's sales were continued at Newmarket on Friday, when the following were some of the chief prices realised.—Aurelia, chestnut mare, by Head On, dam Perfume, 1,000s.; Mr. George Barrett—Myrtle, bay mare, by Rock, the Devil, dam Star, 1,000s.; Mr. Hart—Filly, 12st 2lb; Shore, chestnut mare, by John Davis, dam Distast, 1,000s.; Mr. Bassett—Windrush II., by Farouche, dam Universe, 12st 2lb; Mr. Wittenbeck—Painted Lady, 1,000s.; Mr. Stubbings—Filly, 12st 2lb; Mr. Hart—Underbank, 1,000s.; Mr. W. H. Heathcote—Col, brown, 12st 2lb; Lord Midleton, 1,000s.; Mrs. Tattersall—Filly, 12st 2lb.

WEIGHTS.

KEMPTON PARK, December 20th.

Mr. C. G. H. Hare's Handicap (two miles, over eight furlongs) —Twelve, 4 yrs., 12st 7lb; White, 4 yrs., 12st 2lb; The Tyke, 4 yrs., 12st 2lb; Purple Jasper, 4 yrs., 12st 2lb; Gouffé, 4 yrs., 12st 2lb; Purple Jasper, 4 yrs., 12st 2lb; Admiral Beaufort, 5 yrs., 12st 2lb; Witternham, 4 yrs., 12st 2lb; Eversfield, 4 yrs., 12st 2lb; Lowes, 4 yrs., 12st 2lb; The Vicar, 5 yrs., 12st 2lb; Mrs. G. H. Hare, 4 yrs., 12st 2lb; Mr. Ainsworth, 4 yrs., 12st 2lb; Mr. Hart, 4 yrs., 12st 2lb; Master Charlie, 4 yrs., 12st 2lb; Magenta, 4 yrs., 12st 2lb; Cherub, 4 yrs., 12st 2lb; Cavalier, 4 yrs., 12st 2lb; Bon Ton, 4 yrs., 12st 2lb.

MANCHESTER, January 1st, 1891.

THE MANCHESTER HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE (two miles and a half) —Hawthorn, 4 yrs., 12st 2lb; Leyton, 4 yrs., 12st 2lb; Harry, 4 yrs., 12st 2lb; Lord Charnwood, 4 yrs., 12st 2lb; The Silk, 4 yrs., 12st 2lb; Young Hebe, 4 yrs., 12st 2lb; Theodoite, 4 yrs., 12st 2lb; Melodram, 4 yrs., 12st 2lb; Gray Friars, 4 yrs., 12st 2lb; Master Charlie, 4 yrs., 12st 2lb; Magenta, 4 yrs., 12st 2lb; Cherub, 4 yrs., 12st 2lb; Cavalier, 4 yrs., 12st 2lb; Bon Ton, 4 yrs., 12st 2lb.

POSTPONEMENT OF THE PLUMPTON STEEPLECHASES.

Although the weather was in the neighbourhood of Plumpton on Wednesday night, so cold and so mild, no decision had been taken place.

With the permission of the stewards, it has, therefore, been decided to postpone the meeting until Monday and Tuesday next, the 22nd and 23rd December, and it will then clash with the post-

poned Windsor gathering.

POSTPONEMENT OF THE BRIGG COUSING MEETING.

The weather prospects on Thursday morning being as black as ever, the stewards quickly decided to abandon this meeting. A fresh fixture will probably be arranged for Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, January 7th, 8th, and 9th, and the annual Cousings' meeting will be postponed to the Yorkshire Club Studley Royal fixture, as was intended this week.

Messrs. Hedley and Wright, as originally arranged, will officiate as judge and supper.

THE AMATEUR SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP.

The Amateur Skating Championship of Great Britain was decided on Thursday, at Liverpool Pier, December 13th, 1890.

Bridge, who was competing, the winner, Mr. Lewis, of Weymouth, was the same as two years ago. His brother, John, was second. The winner's time was 5min. 35 sec.

HENLEY REGATTA.

The dates for Henley Regatta for next year have been finally arranged. The regatta will take place on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, July 1st, 2nd, and 3rd.

BILLIARDS.

W. J. PEAK v. J. WORTH.

Play in the final, £4,500, was stayed, between the above professionals, was continued at Messrs. Thorntons' saloon, Catherine-street, Strand, on Friday afternoon. Worth had again the best of matters, with six breaks of 120, 115, and 74, against 36 (twice) by Peak. Latest scores—North, 200; Peak, 104.

THE EGYPTIAN HALL.

At the Egyptian Hall, in this tournament, were engaged on Friday. The first heat, between Mitchell and M'Neil, both of whom figure on the 200 mark, was won by the Scotchman by 85 points. J. Roberts, jun. (scratch), next met Tom Taylor, and twice 200. Latest score—Taylor, 40; Roberts, 24.

FOOTBALL.

ASSOCIATION.

Notts Forest v. Barnsley—Played at Nottingham, and won by Barnsley by four goals to three. owing to an accident to Brown, one of the goalkeepers, the game had to be stopped for a time.

Blackburn Rovers v. Cambridge University—Played at Blackburn, and won by the home team by three goals to one.

Cambridge University v. Preston North End—Played on Friday at Preston, on a hard, snow-covered ground, and won by Preston North End by eight goals to nil.

NORTH v. SOUTH.

We are officially informed that, owing to the state of the weather, the North v. South match, which was to have been played at Blackheath on Saturday, has been postponed.

THE CHESS CHAMPIONSHIP.

STEINZITZ v. GUNSENBRO.

A Berlin telegram, dated New York, December 13th, says the fifth game in the chess match between Messrs. Steinzitz and Gunzenhauer has resulted in the victory of the latter. The score now stands:—Steinzitz, 1; Gunzenhauer, 3; draw, 2.

HEAVY SNOWSTORM IN LONDON.

A very heavy fall of snow took place in London on Friday morning. By nine o'clock the coating lay some five inches deep in Hyde Park. In several parts of the town traffic was carried on with great difficulty. Although there were 7deg. of frost between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, seven bathers plunged into the Serpentine after the ice had been broken for them.

ICE FATALITY.

Mr. Michael Welch, of Whitechurch, Salop, aged 19, a student at Ushaw College, Durham, was drowned while skating on Friday afternoon. Two fellow-students were rescued with great difficulty.

WRECK AND LOSS OF FIVE LIVES.

An Ulster correspondent telegraphs that on Friday afternoon the schooner Catherine, of Fowey, Cornwall, was driven ashore in a gale, and although the lifeboat made a gallant attempt at rescue, five lives were lost.

An old lady, named Marie von Reuss, aged 84, has been murdered at Eichstätt, outside Vienna, and her jewels and money have been stolen. The criminals are still at large.

Mrs. Mandella was buried on Friday in Nottingham Church Cemetery. There was an impressive ritual. A wreath was received from Princess Christian, and the letters of condolence were very numerous, including one from the Prince and Prince of Wales.

THE GOUFFÉ MURDER.

The trial of Michel Eyrard and Gabrielle Bompard for the murder of a process-server named Gouffé, at a house in the Rue Tronçon du Coudray, Paris, in July last year, was opened on Tuesday before the Assize Court of the Department of the Seine. The appearance of those accused in the dock excited great stir and curiosity. Eyrard maintained a very calm demeanour. He wore a closely buttoned black frock coat, while Gabrielle Bompard was attired in a dark dress, with a black jacket over it. On her head she wore a small-toque, with a veil, which covered part of her face. Both prisoners replied in a composed tone of voice to the questions addressed to them by the presiding judge as to their names, ages, &c. The reading of the indictment occupied three-quarters of an hour. After the reading of the indictment the interrogation of the accused was proceeded with. The answers elicited from Eyrard re-

vealed him.—The public prosecutor intervened with the observation that this answer was absurd, whereupon the prisoner retorted, and the judge of the people in court, "There are many absurdities in this case."

THE FLIGHT TO AMERICA.

Eyrard next gave an account of his visit to America after the murder. Accompanied by the female prisoner, he went to Liverpool, whence they both sailed to Quebec, proceeding thence to Montreal and across the continent to Vancouver and Victoria, British Columbia. They then went to San Francisco, where they met Garanger. Gabrielle Bompard stated that at that period Eyrard had come to the end of his resources, and thought of obtaining more money by murdering Garanger. Eyrard, however, formally denied this, claiming, "Let them take me here! I have deserved it! But my past is unclean!" Continuing the story of his flight from justice, Eyrard said that in Mexico he was tracked like a hunted animal, and he complained bitterly that the newspapers had compared him to Cartouche and Mandrin. He described his arrest at Havanna, and his abortive attempt to commit suicide. The court rose at six o'clock, and the further hearing was adjourned.

A DEPLORABLE STORY.

—The president's interrogatory followed the career of the male prisoner in chronological order, tracing how, at 13 years of age, his father was obliged to send him to a reformatory at Quillan, in the department of the Rhône; how at the age of 19 he enlisted in the Foreign Legion, and took part in the Mexican War, subsequently deserting and joining the guerrillas under Juarez, to whom he betrayed the secret plans of the French forces. For this odious act, added the president, Eyrard was tried by court-martial, and condemned to death in confinement. Eyrard did not deny this fact. The amnesty of 1863 enabled Eyrard to return to France, and since that period he had led an adventurous life and committed numerous robberies. Eyrard here declared that those allegations were calumnies, to which the president replied that proof in support of them would be adduced. The president proceeded to enumerate the charges contained in the indictment, and to trace Eyrard's relations with the prisoner. Bompard, declaring that Eyrard had not caused her to enter upon

AN IMMORAL LIFE.

—made her acquaintance on the Boulevard. Eyrard here again rose, and declared that, far from encouraging her in evil courses, he had actually struck her in order to turn her from them. The president, however, recalled the fact that a gentleman having offered Gabrielle Bompard 30,000 francs to become his mistress, she had professed to Eyrard that they should spend the money together. To this Eyrard rejoined, "Oh, can't we have little fun?" (Laughter in court.) The sitting of the court was then suspended.—On the court re-assembling, the president questioned Eyrard as to his stay in London during the months of June and July, and asked whether he had not, while in London, harboured a design of murdering some one for the sake of money.—Eyrard replied, "No, but Gabrielle thought of us both as thoroughly Parisian. The prisoners were brought into court at a quarter to twelve o'clock. Eyrard's appearance was decidedly more cast down than on Tuesday. Gabrielle Bompard still looked modest and resigned; she held in her hand a white pocket handkerchief, behind which, from time to time, she hid her face. The questioning of the prisoners was concluded, and a large number of witnesses were examined as to the doings of the prisoners on the eve of the murder, the audience took up the matter, causing great confusion, which reached such a pitch that the president declared the sitting at an end for the day.

FURTHER MEDICAL TESTIMONY.

On Friday, Professor Liegeois of Nancy explained the views of his school, and stated that any person placed in a condition of somnambulism became in the hands of the experimenter a pure automaton, both morally and physically. He maintained that a person could commit crimes under the influence of hypnotism, and cited several cases in support of his thesis. For example, he made one of his subjects fire a revolver which was not loaded, and the person in question believed on his suggestion that he had committed a murder. In another case he had made a person in a hypnotised condition sign a note of hand for 500fr. Comparing the facts of the trial itself, Dr. Liegeois expressed surprise that permission was refused to him to see Gouffé at the door, you, however, knew it was intended to hang him?—Eyrard had only told me he would kill him if he did not give him the money.—The Judge: Why did you not, then, warn Gouffé?—Gabrielle Bompard: I did not dare.—The Judge: That would, however, have been very easy.—Gabrielle Bompard: I should like to have seen you do it. This last answer produced an explosion of laughter.—Asked by the judge if he did not suppose he killed him?—The prisoner agreed, after being informed by a business agent, named Remy Launce, how well-to-do Gouffé was. Without betraying the slightest trace of emotion, Eyrard then proceeded to tell how he and Gabrielle Bompard hired the room in the Rue Tronçon du Coudray, to which they decided to lure Gouffé, and gave a description of the scene of the murder, explaining how the pulley was fixed to the wall, behind the curtain, by himself and Gabrielle, and how the latter passed the noose of the girdle, which worked on the pulley. Eyrard went on to say that he endeavoured to resuscitate him, because he had not wished to kill the man, but merely to frighten him, in order to obtain his money.

The president interrupted the prisoner with the remark, "What you say is improbable, as you had already purchased the trunk in which to place the body?"—Eyrard, continuing his narration, said after the crime he went to the Rue Montmartre to rob Gouffé's office, and he described the flight to Lyons, and now, biting her handkerchief, she almost shouted in a shrill voice, "He did not intend to kill me; I myself went away with him." While M. Garanger and Eyrard continued their dispute, the woman was seized with hysterics, and rolled about on the bench where she was sitting. The tumult in court was very great when, struggling with the guards, she was carried out of court. The public prosecutor and Gabrielle Bompard's counsel left the court, and the sitting was suspended for some time. The prisoner's cries in the neighbouring room were distinctly heard at first to the subject of her antecedents. The woman in her reply showed intelligence, but also a certain perverseness. Speaking of her stay in London with Eyrard, she said that she bought the trunk to pack her linen in and without an idea of perpetrating a crime. The president interpolated, "Nevertheless, you bought the pulley."—Eyrard, however, denied this.—The president then asked her if she had done having bought the canvas sack in which the body of the murdered man was placed. Bompard replied that she had no knowledge of the use to which the sack was to be put. She had simply obeyed Eyrard's directions. Then followed

SELLING THE TRUNK.

On Thursday Mr. Lauterbach, a British subject, whose evidence was translated by an interpreter, deposed that he had sold the diamond earnings worn by Gabrielle Bompard. They were diamonds from a ring taken off the finger of M. Gouffé after the murder. The witness admitted having several times mesmerised Gabrielle Bompard, and now, biting her handkerchief, she almost shouted in a shrill voice, "He did not intend to kill me; I myself went away with him." While M. Garanger and Eyrard continued their dispute, the woman was seized with hysterics, and rolled about on the bench where she was sitting. The tumult in court was very great when, struggling with the guards, she was carried out of court. The public prosecutor and Gabrielle Bompard's counsel left the court, and the sitting was suspended for some time. The prisoner's cries in the neighbouring room were distinctly heard at first to the subject of her antecedents. The woman in her reply showed intelligence, but also a certain perverseness. Speaking of her stay in London with Eyrard, she said that she bought the trunk to pack her linen in and without an idea of perpetrating a crime. The president interpolated, "Nevertheless, you bought the pulley."—Eyrard, however, denied this.—The president then asked her if she had done having bought the canvas sack in which the body of the murdered man was placed. Bompard replied that she had no knowledge of the use to which the sack was to be put. She had simply obeyed Eyrard's directions. Then followed

AN EXTRAORDINARY SCENE.

The presiding judge gave orders for the trunk, which had for so long been standing in the view of all, to be opened. A loud murmur of excitement passed through the court, and everybody pressed forward to see the inside of the box, whose dreadful history had been narrated with such sang-froid by the principal actor in the crime under investigation. The spectators, who were decidedly inclined to noisy demonstrations, almost lost control of themselves in their excitement, and the usher had a difficulty in restoring silence and order.—Their attention was, however, soon engrossed by a colloquy between Eyrard and Bompard.

The former maintained that the woman had been thoroughly cognisant of the particulars of the crime to be perpetrated. Gabrielle Bompard denied this, and declared that she had had no knowledge of the plan to murder the process-server. The president then interrogated her concerning events which preceded the crime.—The woman related how Gouffé was invited by Eyrard to come to the room in the Rue Tronçon du Coudray.—The president remarked that that was improbable, and Eyrard shouted, "She is telling lies!"—Bompard, who remained completely mistress of herself, smiled ironically, and went on to describe the scene of the murder. "Just at the moment," she said, "when I was talking with Gouffé, Eyrard threw the girdle over his neck and strangled him. A cry of terror escaped me."—According to your

RISING SUN
STOVE POLISH
THE EASIEST, QUICKEST, CHEAPEST, AND BEST
BLACKLEAD
IN THE WORLD.
I HAVE BEEN THE MAKER OF STOVE POLISH and
have sold it to others who have tried several kinds
and none to equal this. My kitchen range looks
as new as ever since I used it. It leaves no
smoke or soot, and does not catch fire easily. I
will send you a sample if you will give me your
name and address. — Mrs. L. G. CHANELLOR, 11, BURGESS ROAD,
LONDON.
It is really delighted with it. It has much superior
qualities to any I have had. — Miss MOORE, 18, ST. JAMES'S
PLACE, LONDON.
The leading families about here like it exceedingly,
and declare they have never had their ranges and ovens
look so well. — HARRY PARK, Green, LANCASHIRE.
WALLED
NOTE.—You can produce MORE POLISH with
less labour than any other kind. It will
keep longer, and is very Black.
Order your Grease or Oilman for it, and inclose us having it
and two stamps to cover postage for a sample, naming
your paper.
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GRATIS.— The People.

CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT.

FREE TO THE PURCHASERS
OF THE PAPER.

TWO CHRISTMAS POEMS.

THE CHRISTMAS FOLK.
The men that meet at Christmas
Be merry Christian men—
They greet with cheery chaffing,
Shake sides with genial laughing,
And pledge with hearty quaffing,
And cheer with ten times ten:
For the men that meet at Christmas
Be merry Christian men.

The folk that feast at Christmas.
Be festive Christian folk—
With gaiety untiring,
About the faggot's firing,
They to their hearts' desiring,
Crack bottle and crack joke:
For the folk that feast at Christmas
Be festive Christian folk.

The boys that come at Christmas.
Be noisy Christian boys—
They make strange apple-pies in
The bed their grand-dad lies in,
And battle loud for prize in
A tournament of noise:
For the boys that come at Christmas
Be noisy Christian boys.

The girls that flirt at Christmas.
Be prettie Christian girls—
They buy the boys' delayment
Paying with kisses' payment,
And float their fairy raiment,
And toss their teasing curls:
For the girls that flirt at Christmas
Be prettie Christian girls.

The sires that come at Christmas.
Be sober Christian sires—
Full many a head that hoar in
Bewails departed glories,
And tells fine crusted stories
Round hospitable fires:
For the sires that come at Christmas
Be sober Christian sires.

The wives that chat at Christmas.
Be kindlie Christian wives—
They broder fair narrations,
Stitch crewel-work creations,
And pick at reputations,
And canvas neighbours' lives:
For the wives that chat at Christmas
Be kindlie Christian wives.

And all that joy at Christmas.
Be jollie Christians all—
With glass and silver shining,
And jollie young folk dinin',
And jollie old folk winin',
And laughter through the hall:
For the folk that joy at Christmas
Be jollie Christians all.

THE VILLAGE CAROL.

The children are singing together,
Singing the Christmas hymn,
All in the wintery weather,
All in the moonlight dim.

The frosty mist is up-creeping,
Up from the valley streams,

Up to the cottages sleeping.

And the cotters dreaming their dreams.

They are dreaming of days untroubled,

Of evenings in alcoves spent;

With the weekly wages doubled.

And no weekly calling for rent:

With no need hard hands to harden,

No need to follow the plough;

Their own a bit of a garden,

Their own a pig or a cow;

Of such peace as their peace through the

praying.

In church of an afternoon,

Or when the organ is playing,

And the children singing a tune.

And their wives are dreaming of dresses

Like those which the hawkers bring;

Of stores of linen in presses,

And plenty of winter things;

Of rest from their household labours—

No cooking, no floors to scrub;

To be able to gossip with neighbours

Of money laid by at the club;

With medicine for children ailing,

With doctors that ask no fee,

With bread and butter unfailing,

And quarter-of-pounds of tea.

And, meanwhile, the children together

Are singing the Christmas hymn,

All in the wintery weather,

All in the moonlight dim;

In boots that are cobbled and holey,

In clothes that are ragged and worn,

Hymning, the children lowly,

The Child in lowliness born!

Singing as best they are able

The tale of the Virgin Maid,

Of the God that was born in a stable,

Of the King in a manger laid;

Of the great glad tidings out-pouring

From the wonderful angel-choir;

Of the kneeling shepherds adoring

The Child of world's desire—

The children's voices are ringing

Up to the ghostly moon;

And the angels hear them singing,

Singing the well-known tune.

(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.)

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE.



B. L. FARJEON.

"I'm one of the Lucks," said the girl.
"Susan."
"O, Susan Luck. Of course I know you."
"Who doesn't?" exclaimed Susan, boisterously. "There's twenty-five of us now. There was twice five-and-twenty."
"How's that?"
"I'll tell you," replied Susan. "I was the nineteenth. Then there was Polly, she was the twentieth. Then there was Jimmy and Charlie, they was the twenty-first and twenty-second. Then there was Lucy, she was the twenty-third. Then there was Harry, he was the twenty-fourth. Then there was Sarah Jane, she was the twenty-fifth—so there was twenty-five of us. Sarah Jane she fell in the water-butt, head first, so we went back to twenty-four. Mother took on bad about it; father didn't. Then there was Jemima, and that made twenty-five again. Twice five-and-twenty. See!"

"I see."

"Mother," said Susan, in a voice of great pride, "ad three pound from the Queen."

A fact. Triplets.

"I remember hearing of it," said the brown-bearded man.

"Ev'rybody's heard of it," said Susan.

The girl was queerly dressed. A tattered frock, which yawned at the back, old boots, unlace, one black stocking and one white. But this odd partnership did not matter, the two stockings being nearly of a colour. Scientists do not shrink from unpleasant-looking tenement houses, and a great number of third-rate shops and poor men's dwellings. There are no fashionable or aristocratic features in the immediate neighbourhood of Paradise-row, as is the case in many other poverty-stricken parts of London. Its timber yards, its potteries and factories, its roads and pavements, its back view and front view, are all conducive to depression, and it is therefore the more remarkable that at the present hour it should be distinguished by an air of deceptive gaiety, which may be set down to the prevailing bustle and to the general flare of light in fruit and butcher's shops and on the costermongers' stalls with which the roads are lined. Then, the holly and mistletoe must be taken into account. Whatever may be the practical value of these bright berries and shining leaves stuck in the bodies of frozen geese and joints of beef, the spiritual effect cannot be disputed.

In the midst of the busy throng of sellers and buyers despondently dotted with some who had not the means to provide themselves with the good cheer by which they were surrounded, there wandered, contemplatively, a bronzed, strong-limbed, brown-bearded man, to whom the scene, with which he was evidently familiar, seemed to present itself in a new aspect. He had been absent from England the best part of eight years, and having returned to it only this day, found his mind stirred by novel sensations as he strolled through the narrow courts and streets in which he had passed twenty years of his life. He had been born in Paradise-row, had played grocers' shops on its door-sills, and frolicked in its gutters. A lucky chance presented itself, the opportunity of going out to Australia. How well he remembered that last night in the old land! He had to decide at once; the ship was to sail the following morning, and he must be up before the sun to catch it. He braced up his courage and took the plunge. "Good-bye, mother, I'm off;" and before the bewildered woman could realise the situation, he was gone. And now here he was, come back after an absence of eight years, his pocket full of money, and his heart no longer heavy with thought of to-morrow. He was going back again in a few weeks; he had come to look at the old scenes, to refresh himself with a cup of water at the old spring. And there was a vision of a bright young face—ah, well, perhaps he was married and out of his reach. He had given her cause enough to forget him. Not only had he not said good-bye to her eight years ago, but he had not written to her once all the time he was away. True, his departure had been so sudden that it was impossible for him to go to her, she being in the country on a two days' holiday, but he might have written. How was it that he did not? Well, he had had his troubles in the land of gold, had been long out of luck, had broken stones for bread and tobacco, and it was only within the last two years that he had drawn a prize in the lottery. So here he was, close to Paradise-row, a prosperous man, with a longing at his heart to which he dared not give expression. There was no mother to greet him; she was in her grave. He would find out where that was, and would put up a stone. He could afford a monument, for at this present moment his quartz-crushing machine in Ironbank Gully was hammering away at the calcined stone, beating the gold out of it to the tune of two ounces to the ton. Profitable music that, and playing all through the day and all through the night, making money for the lucky owner of the richest claim on the Ironbank Gully. Yes, he could afford a monument, but he would rather his old mother had been alive. What would he have given could he have gone straight to her, and said, "Here I am, mother, your boy George, come back, a rich man, and I'm going to take you with me to Australia, and set you up as a lady?" How proud she would have been of him! How she would have sobbed and pressed him to her breast, this great brown-bearded hero, who had left her a pale, tall, thin strapping, with the heart of a mouse! But it was not to be. A greater than he had come to her and carried her away before she could share the better fortune which had fallen on her son. He was not given to the indulgence of much sentiment (though there was a vein of it in him which he was to strike this very night suddenly, as he had struck the golden vein across the seas), but he had dreamed these dreams, and was sad because they could never be realised. There was another dream to be as shadowy in its fulfilment as this. He had his picture in his pocket, a faded photograph, worn and limp, but with a spiritual influence in it which he could not resist.

A little girl, hurrying along, stumbled against him.

"Hallo!" he cried.

"Hallo, master!" said she. "Couldn't slip it, run?"

"Why," he said, with his hand on her uncovered head, which was adorned with tangles of red hair, "I seem to know your face."

"Times are hard, mother."

"You're taking care of the young 'uns," said the brown-bearded man.

"As well as I can, sir; they're too little to take care of themselves. Pretty little things, sir; a boy and a girl, the very image of Peter."

"Buy, buy, buy!" cried the butcher, flourishing his knife. "Step this way, this way, this way! Your own price, your own price! Don't block up the road, lady."

These last words were addressed to the old woman, who fumbled at her copper, and moved slowly on. The brown-bearded man put his hand on her shoulder.

"Times are hard, mother."

"It ain't the word, sir," said the old woman, with a sigh. "They're bitter."

"How about a Christmas dinner?"

She gave him an eloquent answer without speaking a word. She opened her hand and displayed her worldly wealth.

"Sevenpence," he said, counting the coppers. "Not a cheerful look-out. Here comes with me."

Going with him meant straight into the butcher's shop, where he selected a sirloin of beef weighing no less than sixteen pounds—a royal sirloin, a noble sirloin—to which he added three pounds of sausages and a lump of suet, the little old woman regarding his proceedings in silent wonder.

"The young 'uns won't be asleep by the time you get home, mother?"

"Not them, sir. Before I came out they said, 'Bring us something nice for supper, granny.' Easter said that done, poor dears! They're talking now, I shouldn't wonder, about what I'm bringing for 'em. They'll be wide awake by the time I get home."

"All the better. One room only, I suppose, mother?"

"Only one, sir."

"Any coal at home?"

"I bought seven pounds to-day for a penny."

"A penn'orth of coals? Good Lord! It's the bad old times over again. We'll have a sack carried in at once."

"For as, sir!" cried the little old woman, raising her hands.

"For you and the young 'uns, mother. And the beef and sausages as well."

"God bless you, sir!" said she softly, the tears running down her thin face.

"Hope so, mother."

"You're not making game of me, sir?"

"Making game of you! Why, what do you think I'm made of? These things are too heavy for you to carry. Here, go! To a stout lad outside. 'Want a job?'

"Yes, captain," said the lad.

"It will be worth a shilling to you. Carry this lot, and come along. Take hold of my arm, mother. Do you live in the old place?"

"In the old place, sir," said the woman.

"Paradise-row. Lives and die there."

Paradise-row. Where he was born, where his mother lived, where Emily lived, the bright-faced young girl, his sweetheart whom he had promised to marry. This little old woman who had known him well, but who did not recognise him in his great brown beard, could tell him all about his mother and Emily, and he resolved to go home with her.

"Don't talk of dying, mother," he said.

"There's a good time coming. Rent paid up?"

"Two weeks behindhand, sir."

"We'll soon settle that. Now, you, my man, keep close to me."

The wondering old woman, not being used to fairy ways, clutched the man's sleeve with one hand and the lad's jacket with the other. She wanted to be sure that she was awake, and this physical contact was in some sense an assurance. Before they reached Paradise-row the lad had more than he could carry, for the brown-bearded man did not stop short at two shillings and a sixpence-pound sack. There was bread to buy, and butter, and tea and sugar, and a Christmas tree in a pot, and two dolls and some toys, and a little holly and mistletoe. Before these purchases were made a sack of coals had been sent to the little old woman's room, with two cabbages and a dozen pounds of floury potatoes on top of the sack. The lad, the woman, and the brown-bearded man were fairly laden. He did not stop short even at this miscellaneous collection, for he hired another lad to carry half-a-dozen smoking savory meat pies. He did not stop short even at this miscellaneous collection, for he hired another lad to carry half-a-dozen smoking savory meat pies. After these purchases were made a sack of coals had been sent to the little old woman's room, with two cabbages and a dozen pounds of floury potatoes on top of the sack. The lad, the woman, and the brown-bearded man were fairly laden. He did not stop short even at this miscellaneous collection, for he hired another lad to carry half-a-dozen smoking savory meat pies. After these purchases were made a sack of coals had been sent to the little old woman's room, with two cabbages and a dozen pounds of floury potatoes on top of the sack. The lad, the woman, and the brown-bearded man were fairly laden. He did not stop short even at this miscellaneous collection, for he hired another lad to carry half-a-dozen smoking savory meat pies. After these purchases were made a sack of coals had been sent to the little old woman's room, with two cabbages and a dozen pounds of floury potatoes on top of the sack. The lad, the woman, and the brown-bearded man were fairly laden. He did not stop short even at this miscellaneous collection, for he hired another lad to carry half-a-dozen smoking savory meat pies. After these purchases were made a sack of coals had been sent to the little old woman's room, with two cabbages and a dozen pounds of floury potatoes on top of the sack. The lad, the woman, and the brown-bearded man were fairly laden. He did not stop short even at this miscellaneous collection, for he hired another lad to carry half-a-dozen smoking savory meat pies. After these purchases were made a sack of coals had been sent to the little old woman's room, with two cabbages and a dozen pounds of floury

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OLD KIDGERBY'S RESEARCHES.



ARTHUR MORRISON.

CHAPTER I.

"See, here, uncle, what I have been plantin'. Roses! Two! Look at the little buds!" "Eh? What? Roses? Bin-a-buying roses? Land-did you want to see me in the workus at once? Take 'em back—I won't have 'em. I—"

"But, uncle, I didn't—"

"Fine thing, roses, and me bein' robbed right and left a'ready. Here's the widder woman in the row dead—stucks won't fetch 'er-a-sovereign and six weeks' rent comin'; no rates and taxes goin' on all the same, awful; and then I come home and—darned roses!"—the old man glared and graped at the word, as he turned towards the little door at the back of the little front garden.

"I didn't buy them, uncle; I've got no money. They're a present."

"Present? Nobody gives me presents. That young Brewster, I s'pose, comin' foolin' and a-settin' of you to disobey your uncle as has kep' you respectable. I won't have him here—I'll tell him so myself—n-makin' mischief."

"I'm sure he doesn't want to do that, uncle. And"—this with the suspicion of a twinkle in the eye—"he has brought you some tobacco—plug tobacco."

"Hey? plug? Ah, well, hum," and with indistinct grunts Uncle Kidgerby disappeared up the passage.

It was the front garden of a little cottage near Steppeney Green, one of a row of such little cottages which had been genuine country cottages, with honeysuckle and latticed windows, a hundred and fifty years ago and earlier, at the time when Steppeney was a rural parish, including in its bounds nearly the whole of the Tower Hamlets; when green fields stretched from very near Aldgate all along the side of the great Essex road, broken only by picturesque groups of cottages about the Red Cow Inn, the duck-ing pond at Mile End, and Queen Eleanor's old bridge over the Lea at Bow, and here and there a row of almshouses. There still linger such cottages about parts of Steppeney, with little wooden fences enclosing little gardens which bubble over, so to speak, with marigolds, sweet-williams, and scarlet-runners. There are some on Steppeney Green itself. But a great deal of the surrounding scenery must be blotted out before it becomes possible to imagine the marigolds nodding their heads in the uncheckered breath of the green country, to small the grass, and to hear the merry wren.

But here, in dreary dun-coloured Steppeney, in the dun-coloured year eighteen hundred and seventy-something, was a bright corner. The sun shone pleasantly on Kidgerby's front garden, pleased and astonished to find a smiling spot in the midst of the dullest piece of his day's journey. He brought out the lustre of the well-polished door knocker, he made the marigolds a shower of gold, and peeped saucily under her white sun-hood. Along this narrow way the old man very slowly proceeded, earnestly inspecting each house as he did so, and frequently stopping and turning about for the purpose. Arrived at the other end, where was a broader new street and a duck creek, he turned back and recommenced his examination in the opposite direction. About half way he stopped, and backing up against a doorway, became absorbed in contemplation of a house opposite. It was a strange old house, built of brick below, with top storeys of wood. The front door was a broad and massive one, and the window frames were thick and clumsy. It was evidently not used as a dwelling-house, for, besides a general appearance suggestive of sawdust and chavings, there was painted on the side gate, through the wide cracks, which in occasional giant of the river told the sun upon them, the inscription, "W. Brewster, Mast and Block Maker," with the evidently recent addition to the first line of the words, in smaller white letters, "and Son."

As he looked, the door behind him suddenly opened and somebody came briskly across the doorstep against his back. "Beg pardon! am altered out here. Why?"—this in an altered tone—"is it you, Mr. Kidgerby?"

Kidgerby backed a little and gave a neutral grunt. The new-comer was a square, well-set young fellow, a little over middle height.

"I'm sorry I ran into you. You were in the dark and I was coming out of the light in the passage and didn't see you. We don't often see you at Blackwall Stairs. Won't you go indoors? Father's there."

No, Kidgerby didn't think he'd go in. He thought he'd be getting along. He had only been having a look at the old houses—rundown, old houses; unhealthy, some said. Seemed the house opposite was given up to workshops alone?

"Well, we don't live there now; we're crowded out. There's two or three rooms empty at the top, but the benches and the stuff fill up the rest of the place, since we took this house to live in." Indicating the one behind them, "Business has been pretty brisk, and you know," with some pride, pointing at the lettering on the gate, "father I taken with him now."

Kidgerby emitted the most amiable grunt he could muster, and wished the firm good luck. There were various entries in faded and, at times, almost illegible brown ink on both sides of this leaf, the top of which was torn away. The first side had little of interest for Kidgerby, who speedily turned to the other, and, after reading the entries line by line, guiding his eyes with a very grabby finger, rested his head between his clenched fists and regarded the writing with steady attention.

Then this singular old gentleman tore out the leaf, smoothed it out on a ruminous blotting pad, and, taking a pen full of ink, began with much difficulty and care, and many facial contortions, to ink over exactly every letter of the inscription, so that the faint straggling old-fashioned characters stood out clearly to the eyeight in modern black ink. After half an

hour's work the two entries, which were in different handwritings, the second being



firmer and less faded than the first, read in legible characters, always ready for future reference, thus:—

FIRST.—
Take heed my sonne that there lyeth in the house of Blackwall over agst the river staires, y^e. wh: did come from the high seas by yr. goddes father Ioh: Crouthers capteyn regal in pace.

SECOND.—
August 27, 1665. O'ye will date to me my ways and some carried to the post pitt. Did Iesias more surely bestowes that my father did kepe hid, last I die Lord here warke uppon us. I.C.

After this the fly leaf was blank. Reading both entries over once more, old Kidgerby carefully pressed the wet writing upon the tattered blotting paper, folded it, and with circumstances locked it up in a dingy little iron safe standing in the corner of the room; after which he resumed the baggy coat and, after opening a drawer to put the old Bible into, thought a moment, changed his mind, put the book into the big pocket, and went out—back to the "widder woman's" whence he had brought it.

CHAPTER II.

Ten o'clock, and a windy night. Overhead a flying patchwork of cloud, black and grey, with here and there the momentary gleam of a timid star, and now and again broad light from the white moon. A whistle, a song, and a moan from the thick rigging of the ship in the docks and at the riverside, where it bends and stretches in the damp west wind, moaned now and again with a faint sprinkle from the black patches above. A dark, narrow street leading down to the river, and, trudging along the narrow pavement, which seems only a continuous dooryear before the dark houses, an old man in a long, baggy coat—a round-shouldered old man, who, although his collar is turned up, warm as the night is, is as to conceal much of his face, is yet seen to be sharp of feature and grizzled of hair—old Kidgerby.

At the end of the street, near a broader turning, he came in sight of the river; a broad opening before a little piece of waste ground; on the left a flight of worn steps leading down to a slope of mud and shingle dotted over with many stranded boats, and beyond that the Thames, a river which the low black shore of Bugsby's marshes was lit by a solitary twinkling light. On the right of the waste ground stood a large rambling wooden public-house, well lit up inside, and with its river-front hanging over where the water came at high tide, with a perilous threat of tumbling in.

Kidgerby stood for a moment and looked about him, then he made his way slowly along a narrow turning which led along by the side of the old inn. It was a dark, crooked turning, and, badly paved, with tall, grimy houses on either side, shutting out all but a strip of the tumultuous sky above. Some of the houses, especially those upon the river side, were old and quaint; many were used as ship-fitters' shops.

Along this narrow way the old man very slowly proceeded, earnestly inspecting each house as he did so, and frequently stopping and turning about for the purpose. Arrived at the other end, where was a broader new street and a duck creek, he turned back and recommenced his examination in the opposite direction. About half way he stopped, and backing up against a doorway, became absorbed in contemplation of a house opposite. It was a strange old house, built of brick below, with top storeys of wood. The front door was a broad and massive one, and the window frames were thick and clumsy. It was evidently not used as a dwelling-house, for, besides a general appearance suggestive of sawdust and chavings, there was painted on the side gate, through the wide cracks,

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hour. Now, I should think a couple or three hundred years or so ain't too high a estimate for some of 'em. Queen Anne, or William the Conqueror, maybe?" (Kidgerby's English history was not what it might have been). "I have heard that there's houses about, here and there, as was standin' at the time of the great plig."

"Yes, they're pretty old, some of them. Ours is the oldest in the row, they say, very near three hundred; a long while before the plague. But regard to what I was going to say, sir, if you'll—"

"Ah, so I should ha' thought, now," said Kidgerby, more abstractedly than ever. "Before the plig, it's to be 'oped as the parish had 'em properly disinfected. It's a wonderful interesting science, is old houses."

"But as to the other matter, Mr. Kidgerby," persevered the desperate swain, "what I was going to say, if you'll allow me, sir, was, now that I'm set up, so to speak, and in a fair way to get on, that I—in fact, seeing that I shall be able to make things comfortable for her—referring particularly to Ruth, as I said before—perhaps you might justifiably in withdrawing your objections to—well, to me."

As a graceful and persuasive impromptu speaker, Harry Brewster felt himself a shocking failure. To be sure, the interview had come on rather unexpectedly, but then what he should say to the old man, and how best to say it with a view of working gently round the old man's sharp corners, had been uppermost in his mind for some days, and sentences about "referring particularly to Ruth," and so forth, had been chafing one another through his brain all the time; so that he really ought to have done better.

Kidgerby had maintained his obstinate contemplation of the opposite windows and chimney-pots during the other's rhetorical effort, and at its conclusion he slowly brought his eyes, and seemingly his mind with them, from across the way, and turning to Harry, said:

"Yes, it's to be hoped they was properly disinfected. And—and, about the other thing—ah, yes—of course we must go into the question—one o' these days. I'm afraid it's gettin' late, and it's gonna' rain; I'll drop in on your father. Run things, old houses. Good night, and the baggy coat and old hat has disappeared in the darkness."

Harry Brewster stood for a moment, perplexed. Old Kidgerby hadn't been altogether what it was true, and had done his best to stave off the subject of. But even this reception was something much different from what might have been expected. Previous attempts to approach the same question had been met on Kidgerby's part by the most uncompromising and emphatically expressed hostility. Nobody was going to come fooling about his niece, and poisoning her mind against her uncle—her benefactor. He wasn't going to have her hettaw away, no one knew where, to starve or what not; and him, an old man of seventy-two, very near, to be left alone. Which meant that, being provided with a very inexpensive servant, and a trustworthy one, old Kidgerby meant to keep her. The worthy old gentleman further being convinced that nobody could wish to hold the least communication with Ruth except to "poison her mind" against him.

Harry Brewster, therefore, had made up his mind to expect a much livelier and more outspoken reception than he had received, and had determined on certain extreme measures in what he had considered the probable event; wherefore, as he crossed the road and made the nightly trial of the window and door fastenings of the old house, he marvelled greatly.

If he had seen and read the entries upon the old Bible fly-leaf in Kidgerby's shabby little iron safe; if he had followed that knowing oil person's movements for the last two months or more, and had seen him at the Guildhall Library diligently inspecting various ancient surveys of Steppeney and the neighbouring parishes; if he had known that the Stepney rate-book showed that after the death of John Crouthers and all his family from the plague in 1665, his house by the river-stairs at Blackwall, formerly in the occupation of his father, Captain John Crouthers, had remained untenanted for several years, no heir being immediately forthcoming; if he had known that Kidgerby had hunted this up and knew it too; if he had seen as Kidgerby by great luck had seen, an old safe plan of a projected tidal basin, with a house on it marked with the name that succeeded John Crouthers's in the rate-book and had been able to measure the exact position of this house; if he had known and seen and done all these things, I say, Harry Brewster might not have wondered so much at Kidgerby's altered demeanour—not at his unprecedented interest in old houses; further, instead of giving a careless pull at each of the doors and shutters of the old house opposite, he might have gone in and spent the night in pulling up hearthstones.

But, knowing none of these things, and having seen none and done none, he only went, with deep cogitations, to bed.

Then a more remarkable thing than all happened. Old Kidgerby gave him a week's holiday, and actually handed over the money for his fare to Tilbury, where lived a school-fellow of hers, who, proud of having lately started housekeeping, had more than once invited him to stay a week with her. This was such an extraordinary experience for little Ruth that the noises in the old house and the light upon the walls were quite driven out of her head. When she came back, too, she had another surprise. The broken wainscot under the window of her little room had been neatly nailed up, and the loose hearthstone had been cemented down. Uncle Kidgerby had been making himself handy about the house, but wasn't a bit more amiable in his manner—indeed, very much the reverse.

The fact was, that distinguished scoundrel was a little out of sorts. In the first place, although his immense fondness for old houses had led him to spend his nights and so much of his days as secretly possible in stripping the wainscot, taking up the floors and lifting the hearthstones of his own rooms and those below them, he had uncovered nothing at all more interesting than dirt and mouldy cobwebs. This was not encouraging by itself, but soon the exposed situation called into action a hidden spring of rheumatics, which complicated matters badly. He never felt quite sure of being able to get through the night's work without breaking down, and this was another source of anxiety. Then, his irregular habits and lack of proper sleep joined forces with the rheumatism and the worry, and in a month or two old Kidgerby looked and felt ten years older than ever he had looked or felt at Duddell's-row.

And he had found nothing. The chest full of big diamonds and bars of gold which he had pictured Captain John Crouthers as putting away in a handy place two hundred and fifty years back was there. Captain John Crouthers's family had obliquely all died of the plague, leaving it to old Kidgerby to care for the old house and the light upon the walls quite driven out of her head. When she came back, too, she had another surprise. The broken wainscot under the window of her little room had been neatly nailed up, and the loose hearthstone had been cemented down. Uncle Kidgerby had been making himself handy about the house, but wasn't a bit more amiable in his manner—indeed, very much the reverse.

When Ruth returned she found the old man crouched among the coals, under the hollow stairs, grinning and mumbling, and grubbing with palsied hands among gold and coal alike, not distinguishing between them. He had filled his pockets with coals and pieces of three, and broke out now and again into rap and incoherent exclamations, speaking of his tenants, of his fire upstairs, of the boatmen on the river, and of his work in the shipwright's shop forty years before.

Ruth, with an exertion of all her strength, lifted him to his feet, but he could not stand. She ran to Brewster's and returned with assistance. They carried Uncle Kidgerby upstairs, and when they took him away from the coal heap he cried.

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Then a fine day, in the grounds attached to the house of Mr. Harry Brewster, there may sometimes be seen a very old and feeble man in an invalid chair. Two or three sturdy young Brewsters push the chair from place to place. A little board is fixed over the front of this invalid chair, and on it there are two or three little pieces of coal, which the old man plays with. They make his fingers very black, and the black gets on to his face, but he doesn't notice this. Sometimes the pieces of coal fall off the board, and then the old man cries. It is Uncle Kidgerby.

This was all very well to know, and stimulating in its effect, but—there wasn't anything for anybody himself, nor the Queen, nor Brewster. He had tapped about every inch of every wall, he had poked about behind every wainscot, grubbed under every hearthstone, opened every floor, got between the top ceiling and the roof, and nearly broken his neck getting out again. There was nothing!

Months had been taken up thus, he was getting sick and heartore, and then some-

thing struck Kidgerby which ought to have struck him before, and it brought no comfort with it. Anybody but a born fool, he sorrowfully realised, would have thought of it long ago—when he first saw the old fly-leaf. "That which did come from the high seas," and "that my father did keep hid" might mean anything—any valueless lumber. To be sure the probability pointed to something in the nature of specie and jewels, and in the eyes of Kidgerby nothing else would have been worth taking care of. But then he was measuring the old captain's corn by his own bushel. The old captain might have been a fool, like so many other people who were not Kidgerby. It might have been some miser-able old curiosity, or treasonable papers, or even the log-book of a ship, that had been so carefully stowed away. Even had the love of Ruth actuated the Crouthers family, what was hidden might have been only a paper with directions where to look for buried treasure in the West Indies, or somewhere, as per the story books.

But, whatever it was, where had it gone? Fool again! Dolt! As! Didn't he know the old house been knocking about for two hundred and fifty years, read and thumbed by nobody know how many? Mightn't it have led to the old house being ransacked a dozen times? But his brainless avarice had blinded him to everything but the belief that money had been hidden and was to be got for the searching. The lust of gold had bemused him, and he had ruined his health and cut short his few remaining years, led by little Ruth's words to a schoolboy. Mad fool!

Then old Kidgerby broke down utterly, and Ruth nursed him.

CHAPTER V.

Daniel Kidgerby could just drag himself across the room with a stick. He was weak and feverish, and got really irritable if he found Ruth was not with him. His chair was set in front of the little iron safe, and sometimes, as he sat there, he talked to himself.

There was more haggling, ending in a compromise. Kidgerby was to have the rooms till Christmas, certain, at five-and-six-pence a week—five-and-sixpence a week, a titchy you bein' so fond of old houses, and considerin' the fresh air for the poor gal.

There was a twinkle in the eye of the stout Brewster as he said this, and thought of the smell of the gano works from down the river. In his eyes Kidgerby's anxiety for the rooms was only that he might save money by letting his cottage in Duddell's-row to some one else.

There was more haggling,

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THE HERMIT OF WINDY
KNOWE.

P. ANDERSON GRAHAM.

It was always a puzzle to Hampstead why Miss Doddsley, the wittiest and cleverest, as well as the most beautiful of town bred girls, should be so ready to forsake London, and spend months at the remote farmhouse which her gouty old father had taken as a change from business. As for him, he had made his pile, and could afford to indulge in a fad for the benefit of his health, leaving affairs in the hands of his son, but how this charming young lady, the very life of suburban society, could manage to exist where there were no dances, no theatres, no admirers, and where, as was said, the great country families refused to visit with a tradesman, however rich he might be, that was what the gilded youth could not understand. Yet it was said she not only went willingly, but if the fascination of figures seemed strong on her father, she would urge and entreat him to be off to the country. It was loving anxiety for his health, said some of her sentimental friends, but those more knowing and cynical avowed their belief that there was quite another motive.

And if they had seen her daintily picking her steps over a sloppy October meadow this view would have been confirmed. For the sager flush on her face was not caused by the wild autumn gale, that pelted her with red and yellow leaves, and wrenched away weak and rotten boughs and scattered chestnuts and acorns on the grass, and the bright, happy light in her eyes did not burn because of any particular pleasure arising from brown landscape and waving woodland. It was overpowered by a sense of beauty that had caught sight of in the adjoining plantation—the figure of a young man whose face was undoubtedly that of a gentleman, whose muddy boots and strongwood dress-gamberg and gun formed a singular contrast to the dapper and nimble cavaliers of the City. Perhaps that was the very reason she had been attracted to him at first; though, indeed, a single glance at the strong, frank face, that would have been merry save for certain stern lines that told of premature trouble and care, made it superfluous to ask why any woman loved him.

You could not have witnessed the warmth of the mutual greeting without guessing that Richard Elmar and Mary Doddsley were lovers, even if you failed to note his hearty ardour or her playful banter, that did not conceal the tenderness for which it was a cloak, and yet they had not exchanged a dozen sentences before she grew quiet and embarrassed.

"I wonder you never wrote," he said, with just a shade of reproof in his tone. "It was only by accident I learned you were here, and it seems more than a lifetime since you left for London. 'Time pasteth' is on the garden dial-plate, but every day while you were away I said it led. With nobody but the servants in that great house, time stood still, and every moment was an hour, and every hour a week till you came back."

And hardly noticing how silent he was, he chattered on in the style that is pleasant to lovers and so uninteresting to repeat. All the while she was contriving a delicate way to say something that was evidently not agreeable, when the sound of a burly old voice, shouting "Tyndall! Tyndall!"—as if the owner was determined to show how well his lungs were preserved—imparted resolution to her.

"Dick, dear," she said, hesitatingly, "there's papa. It was he that kept me from writing you, for he has taken a strong objection to our remaining friends, because—But he'll explain it to you himself."

Dick's face expressed blank amazement.

"Why, he always pretended to like me!" he exclaimed.

"So he does yet, dear," she replied tenderly; "every one must do that;" but further conversation was stopped by the appearance of the owner of the voice—a stout little man who might have stood for one of Leech's Pictures of the cockpit sportsman. If a kickboxer suit, that gave a full display of his fat calves, and a shooting cap could have made a countryman, he was all right, but it hardly needed his negligent handling of the gun to show he was only made up for the parts—at least thought Tyndall, a cunning-looking keeper, who had dawdled casually up with straw in his mouth in response to the hawking.

"Here has been a frightful waste, Tyndall," he was saying. "Look outside the wire fence. Somebody has been sowing the ground with Indian corn."

"It's done to tice the pheasants out," was the answer. "Then they roost in the wood, and they get 'em at night."

"And why the devil is trying to steal my pheasants?" broke out his master.

"Why," said Elmar, with whom the merchant had coldly shaken hands, "I would not wonder if it were that strange old fellow who has come to live in the single cottage at the burnsides."

"Do you mean Jabez Cleghorn?" asked Mary. "He makes me shudder to look at him."



JABEZ CLEGHORN.

We saw faces like his when you took me slumming in the East-end, papa; his white slumming in the East-end, papa; his beard clipped short with scissors, and his face was last washed by his mother, I think, thought that must be half a century ago. And his eyes! But no. Those resolute eyes belong to a dynamitar or a Nihilist, I feel sure. The strange old person is no common poacher; he is an actor who has played the part of villainous bandit, and cannot swerve with it. Usually it was the rather who talked and the girl who was quiet. To-day the parts were reversed. He made only a slight answer,

and then, remarking to young Elmar that he would like a few minutes of private talk, led the way to the house.

"Dammie," was his first remark when the two were alone in the smoking-room. "I'm a plain man," and he lighted a cigar. "In town I'm Mr. Doddsley, of Bond-street, but here plain John Doddsley. Farmer John if you like, and we farmers don't boast about the bush. You'll excuse me, Mr. Elmar, if I have to hurt your feelings, but business is business. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. You know what I mean. You understand that, though God knows a common shopkeeper has no long descent to keep pure, there are reasons against your marrying. Now just promise me not to flirt again with my daughter, and I'll hint no more about it, my lad. Upon my soul, I won't."

Elmar listened in obvious bewilderment. "Unless you are hinting at money matters," he said at last, "I am conscious of nothing in my life that affords you the slightest pretext for talking so."

"No," replied the other, a natural tenderness shining for a moment from under the grey eyebrows. "Thank God, I need not sell my child. And, besides, though you are poor just now, I understand you are heir to a considerable estate. No. Since it must come out, it's the hermit that's the obstacle; it's your father, my friend."

"My father!" exclaimed the young man, a pallor of apprehension stealing over his features for the first time. "What of him?"

"Need you ask?" was the reply. "The owner of a splendid house and estate leaves you, his only son, to the care of strangers, and for a generation, as I am told, has lived like an outcast in a tumbling rain, relinquishing society, sees nobody but yourself, and that not over once a twelvemonth dresses anything, eats anything, and leads the existence of a hermit-bird."

"Do you know why?"

"Would to God I did!" exclaimed the now pained and troubled young man.

"Then I'll you," returned the older. "An old customer told me, and a qualified man confirmed what he said, so that I may frankly and Mary allow, I am right, that I would sooner see her dead than her wife. My friend, your father is mad. It's been in the blood for generations, and will come out again either in you or your children."

Doddsley looked as if his companion should be overwhelmed; instead there was something like positive relief in his face as he looked out where Mary was restlessly pacing up and down the garden walks, in a wind that swayed the last roses of autumn. He beckoned her to come in, and when with anxious alacrity, she obeyed, he said, with grave and tender decision, "My darling, your father has just told me we must give one another up because there is insanity in my family. Now, I am almost ashamed to suggest it, but it is best to face the truth. If this is a pretext for breaking off our engagement, do you not know it was unnecessary—that a word would have done? And if I am blameless, would you visit on me the fault of another?"

"No, Dick," she replied, in a voice that was almost a whisper. "If this frightful obstacle is in the way it would be a crime to marry; yet I could never call any other man husband, and I would never leave, though I might pity, you for the fault of another."

"Then we might publish the bands tomorrow we exclaim with radiant triumph," "for I declare to you my father is as sane as any of us. That is not the clue to the mystery of his life. I have often dreaded to think what the cause may be of the remorse and deadly apprehension under which he lives, but his brain is as sound and clear as my own."

Mary was infected with her lover's confidence, but her father remained quite unconvinced. The hint of crime he dismissed as romantic story-book trash. A rich country gentleman was not likely to take up the calling of Bluebeard or Bill Sykes. Then he had heard all the gossip of the country side about Dick's father, who, after his child's birth, was a widower, and who yet hunted and courted, drank, and made Elmar Hall a place to be shunned by pretty and virtuous housemaids. He lived at a fast and killing pace, yet stopped before any paucity of trouble arose, and apparently had no temptation to go deeply into crime. Then, all of a sudden, out of a freak it was thought, the brawling, roistering squire started to live without servant or companion among the ghosts that haunted the ruined tower on the Windy Knowe.

It was a weird and mysterious place, that had possessed an uncanny reputation. From a bridge across the Till, where it sluggishly washes the base of the knoll, the passer-by may catch a view of the ivied towers, bright green even when the surrounding trees are bare and brown black. There is no road to it, but a grassy avenue winding up the height still shows where dead lords and ladies have driven in the brave old times, before the great encircling wall was built that the knoll and the neighbouring fields might be made into a deer-park. If you listen on a winter night, when a strong east is blowing from the Cheviots shrieking and howling among the dry and leafless boughs, far from being surprised at popular superstition, you will yourself hardly avoid the chilly feeling that the spirits of departed Elmars—fair-women and wild men—are moaning and gibbering over the scenes of their revelry and sin. The cottagers who find himself in the neighbourhood after dark hurries away under the wayside elms, too terrified even to keep up his spirits with whistling; the stonewall keepers avoid the creepy place on their rounds; and even the hardy poachers leave that the mad squire who had made a hermitage of this strange retreat. It was said he hated daylight as others do the dark; that he never slept save when the sun was high in heaven he might be seen, with his white beard and antique clothes, flying across the award as if chased by invisible enemies, or rambling and muttering under the shadows of the wood. Yet when the head of the elder branch of the house, Lord Elmar of Houghton, hearing the rumour, came to have his relative removed to an asylum, he went away with a grave countenance and did nothing. "John Elmar was a fool," he remarked to his friend, Earl Chisholm; "but no madder than the rest of the world. His whim did no harm, and he expected a very hard winter was the only cure for it."

There was only one man who received all these stories with incredulity, and yet had an insatiable appetite for them. Jabez Cleghorn, the suspected poacher, was a newcomer to the hamlet, but the most curious of its inhabitants in regard to the squire. At all the squire's meeting places of the gossips—by the smith's anvil, the joiner's shop, the stones where the greybards sit—he was to be seen, grim, taciturn, and strong, even in decay, drinking in all the particular he could glean about John Elmar. He had obtained piece-work as a hedges and ditcher, so that he could choose his own time for work, and it was observed that he did not overtire himself. His job was to break the great hawthorns at the foot of the Windy Knowe, and in a field adjoining the deer-park. In the early morning, before the shepherd was astir or the stars had lost their midnight glow, with his axe and broad-bladed knife on his shoulder, he was to be seen driving away by the furrowed footpath to his work, and dusk had always descended into night before he returned. Yet Gaffer

had no account of which he was to be seen, to the great satisfaction of his father, but the most curious of its inhabitants in regard to the squire. At all the squire's meeting places of the gossips—by the smith's anvil, the joiner's shop, the stones where the greybards sit—he was to be seen, grim, taciturn, and strong, even in decay, drinking in all the particular he could glean about John Elmar. He had obtained piece-work as a hedges and ditcher, so that he could choose his own time for work, and it was observed that he did not overtire himself. His job was to break the great hawthorns at the foot of the Windy Knowe, and in a field adjoining the deer-park. In the early morning, before the shepherd was astir or the stars had lost

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BRUTON'S COMPANION.BY
GRANT ALLEN.

I.

I met him first in a seaside lodging-house. Never as long as I live shall I forget that earliest meeting. I had gone down to Lyme Regis for a fortnight's holiday. It was full springtime. "You want rest and change, Bruton," my chief at the War Office said to me one day. "You're not looking well. Take a run down to Dorsetshire." It was awfully kind of him, and I took the run accordingly. I little knew what manner of man I was going to meet there.

It was the morning after I got down that I first came across him. I had rooms on the Walk, in a charming cottage that faced the sea. A purple bay stretched dreamily in front of me; dooey white clouds dotted the deep blue sky; yellow sandstone cliffs gleamed high in the background. The calm and quiet of it all did me worlds of good. After a long stroll over the hills, among gorse and heather, I sat down by the table at the window and began to write a letter in my most cheerful mood. It was a letter to Olwen—Olwen Meredith—to tell her how pleased I felt with the place and its surroundings.

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NOTICE.—THE FIRST WEEKLY NUMBER to the NEW YEAR.

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No. 67, for January 1st, 1891, Price 6d, illustrated, price 1s.

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(From the Diary of Inspector Ryves).

Founded on Facts which came under the Official Notice of the

Celebrated Case of the New York Detective Force.

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The following is the order of issue for January 1st:

JAN. 1.—THE HAUNTED MAN ... DICKENS

16.—UTOPIA ... B. T. MOORE

22.—LAST OF ANCIENT ROME ... MACAULAY

28.—BURNS AND SCOTT ... CARLETON

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CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR GIFTS

CASSELL'S CLASSIFIED CATALOGUE, containing descriptions of all the Works published during the past twelve months, is now ready. CASSELL AND COMPANY, London, will supply it to any subscriber.

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true French politeness. That was more hateful than all. I could have endured him, I think, if only he had been a boor; but to be so spiced upon all day long by a man of culture and refinement—oh! it was simply intolerable.

In the afternoon, I often gave him the slip. On the Charmouth-road, one day, he stopped to look in at the cemetery gate, and I slunk away over the stile and behind the hedge while he wasn't watching; so he went on up the high road to the corner, where the toll-gates used to be before they abolished turnpikes. For twenty minutes, I felt once more the luxury of being alone. I could have shouted aloud in my delight. It was simply glorious. I walked across the turf with quite a springy step, and thoroughly enjoyed myself; so now I had once got rid of him. Skylarks were carolling overhead in the May sky; cuckoo called back from the fresh green larches; the gorse was ablaze on the hill side; and Portland loomed large, with its wedge-shaped outline, upon the clear horizon. That was indeed, a grand interval. But suddenly, as I reached the turnstile at the top, the cold chill ran down my back. I stood still and shuddered. My Companion was waiting for me at the gate, with a bow and a smile! He had gone round by the road, missing me at the cemetery, and made sure to meet me at the top of the field-path. The shock was terrible. I walked all the way round by Charmouth and Hunter's Lodge, trying to tire him out; but the fellow's patience was simply inexhaustible. The remainder of that walk was one long hideous nightmare. The larks were singing just as gaily as ever in the sky, the gorse was just as golden, the air just as scented, the cuckoo just as loud; but that hateful smile turned all into a hollow mockery. A stone-breaker by the hill side gave me good lay as I passed. "Well, what is it, Miss Bowles?" I asked. And so, having bearded him to his very face, I leant back in my chair and waited for him to accept my challenge.

It was the morning after I got down that I first came across him. I had rooms on the Walk, in a charming cottage that faced the sea. A purple bay stretched dreamily in front of me; dooey white clouds dotted the deep blue sky; yellow sandstone cliffs gleamed high in the background. The calm and quiet of it all did me worlds of good. After a long stroll over the hills, among gorse and heather, I sat down by the table at the window and began to write a letter in my most cheerful mood. It was a letter to Olwen—Olwen Meredith—to tell her how pleased I felt with the place and its surroundings.

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OUR CHRISTMAS PIE
FROM UNDER THE THUMB OF
LITTLE JACK HORNER.

Winter suits—the coal dealer.
A "trial" trip. One in "Black Maria."
A Man of Straw—A Guy Fawkes.
Short visits are the best—as the bluebottle said when he alighted on the hot stove.

A young lady has been heard to say that the best way to take pills was in cider.

"It was done behind my back," as the man observed when he was kicked out of the public meeting.

POETIC THOUGHT.

The master wears embroidered boots, The policeman wears them plain, The burglar wears no boots at all, But he gets there all the same.

"**JOHNSON'S SHIRT STORE.**"

Old Lady: Well, I declare! I wonder how he tore it?

PREFERS INSTALMENTS.

"Of course I know a man must eat a peck of dirt before he dies," said Brown to his landlady, as he surveyed the nasal boarding-house breakfast, "but I'm not going to take in the full measure at one meal."

HE DIDN'T.

Edwin: The cutlet is cold again, my poppet. Now, what would you do if I were to cold, just ever so little?

Angelina: Make it hot for you, dearest.

He didn't complain again.

CUTS THEM.

Duggins: Why, Muggins, you mean stamp, your umbrella's all right! When I asked you to lend it me yesterday you said it was used up!

Muggins: Well, so it is. D'ye think I use it down?

NOW?

Johnny: Are those angels, mamma, in the picture?

Mamma: Yes, dear.

Johnny: Then how do they get their wings on their wings?

TOUT A LA FRANCAISE.

Miss Oglethorpe (at evening party): Pardon me, Mr. Notter Bisatyle, but you seem a trifle distract!

Mr. Notter Bisatyle (uncomfortable): I was just looking in my "World's Compendium of Etiquette" to see what to reppety when you over-hear a lady call you a "parvynoo."

OF COURSE SHE COULDN'T.

Tommy was a good boy in school, and when told to parse the sentence, "Mary, milk the cow," got on capitally till he came to "cow;" this word, he said, was a pronoun, standing for "Mary."

"Stands for Mary?" asked the teacher; "how is that?"

"Be auze," replied Tommy, "if the cow didn't stand for Mary how could Mary milk the cow?"

CHRISTMAS MORNING SERVICE.

Deacon (in loud whisper): Will you stop that noise, you boys?

Little Billie (choking and coughing with hand-kape gone the "wrong way"): Please, sir, I—I—got a cold (coughs again).

Deacon (surprisedly, with a threatening reach): It's a very bad cold—very bad.

Bilbo (terrified): Yes, sir, please, sir—very sorry, sir—it's the best one I've got.

THE JOKE-SPOILER.

Mrs. Mangies is an irritating woman to relate a joke. She went to a theatre the other night and was wonderfully amused to hear an actor say, "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast." That's why she put a brass band on a dog's neck."

On her return home she tried to tell her husband about it. "One of the brightest things in the whole performance," she remarked, "was this. Sludges came toward the footlights and said, 'Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,' and that's why they put a collar on a dog."

"And Mrs. Mangies didn't laugh. She was the woman who after hearing the conundrum once said that heaven was like a bad head, because it was a bright one inside, and you can't part or dry it."

CHARACTERISTIC.

A woman's wardrobe drawer will hold a ton of under-clothes.

A parson's—she box-handles, and goodness only knows.

How many scores of other things within its six may store.

And yet there's always lots of room for twice as many more.

But give a man that selfsame drawer and just one pair of socks, an undershirt, a pair of dirty cuffs, an empty collar-box,

And when he puts them all in its capacity he'll glut.

For he'll fill it up so awful full he'll never get it shut.

WRONG AGAIN.

Smith: Hullo, what's up? You hump.

Brown: I've sprained my ankle.

Smith: That's bad. Have you—

Brown: Yes, I've tried Jones's oil.

Smith: No, but—

Brown: Yes, I've soaked it with vinegar and clay. There are several moulds of my foot at home now.

Smith: Just so; but—

Brown: Yes, I've had a bandage on it.

Smith: No doubt; but I was merely going to—

Brown: But I have. I've rubbed it with all the liniments ever made, and put our plaster on it too.

Smith: But you have—

Brown: We'll, have I what?

Smith: Half a sovereign you could lend me?

Brown's lameness suddenly vanishes.

TEMPESTUOUS STORY.

It was Christmas Eve. In front of one of the gilded-gin-palaces which line the streets of our great cities, stood a group of young men bemoaning the time with riald-je, when there approached a youth whose thoughtful brow and many bearing strongly contrasted with theirs.

"Let us have some sport with the fool boy," they said among themselves in wicked glee; and then they called, jeeringly, "Erny, won't you come and have a glass of whisky?"

The youth paused and gazed at them with a look of rebuke. "Listen, friends," he said, in a clear voice, "and I will tell you why I have sought to do with beer."

"My great-grandfather was a beer-drinker, and died a fatty degeneration of the heart. My grandfather drank beer, until the grave of the dropdead. My father drinks beer; he has had beer fever twenty-seven times. I have promised my mother not to touch the d-basing fluid. Let us take whisky together, and thus help me to keep away."

The brave words of the noble youth triumphed, and everybody took whisky.

PHILOSOPHY.
Answer a fool according to his folly, and if he is the biggest he will thump thee.

A merry heart maketh a glad countenance, but a saucy tongue breedeth a black eye.

Many a true word is spoken in jest, but how many lies are uttered in earnest!

Old men love the past, young men the future; but if you want to please a girl give her a present.

A good action is never thrown away, and, perhaps, that's why we find so few of them.

Never judge of a man's good intentions by his actions. Many a man who looks calmly heavenward only does it to avoid a shovelful of snow from some roof, and many a man who night and morning sinks upon his knees at his bedside only does it to hunt for a missing collar-button.

Better be good than great—there is less competition.

SCHOLASTIC REFLECTION.

A schoolboy informs us that when his teacher undertakes to "show him what is what," he only finds out which is which.

NOT CONSOLING.

An unmarried lady at Liverpool, who has been jilted six or seven times, has arrived at the conclusion that she is fearfully and wonderfully maid.

COOKERY.

A recipe for a new kind of pie vaguely adds, "Then sit on a hot fire and stir constantly." Just as if anybody could sit on a hot stove without stirring constantly.

A HOUSEHOLD RECIPE.

"We are getting along in the world," writes an American editor. "We have taken out an insurance policy for \$20,000, which is to be paid to the paper in advertising, and the doctor says we can't possibly live six months longer."

POOR JONES.

Jones: Say, old feliah! Bai Jove, you were drunk last night. Slapped me on the back and said I was a gentleman.

"Ah, but did you manage to get any of it higher than your mouth?" (Blows).

THE WHISPER OF WISDOM.

I clasped her to my heart—my own! My ecstasy no tongue could speak. That moment I'd have scorned a throne When in my ear My love, my dear, Said, "What's your wages, Joe, a week?"

TIMES CHANGE.

In the old days, before the advent of machinery, they said much of hewers of wood and drawers of water. Now one more frequently meets with ewers of water and drawers of wood—say, for instance, in a bed-room suite.

IN THE NURSERY.

Doctor: Well, my fine little fellow, you have got quite well again. I knew those pills would set you up. Did you have them in jam, or in a piece of cake?

JUST AS AT PRESENT.

A newspaper in Japan is over 900 years old. Its proprietor is dead, and its present proprietor says that if some of the original subscribers don't pay up pretty soon, he'll cross their names off his subscription books.

THE LADY OF TIME.

Barn dances are getting to be very fashionable in the western States, says an American paper. This must be different from the old-fashioned barn dance, where the tout ensemble was a muscular old man, a boy, and a strap.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE DUMPLINGS.

King Alfred of England while travelling stopped at a boarding-house and saw a dumpling on the table. Securing a cold chisel and a hammer, he was about to open it and see how the applesgot inside of it.

"Hold thy hand, my king," said a courier, "else if thou devou it thou'll have more vexation as to how it came inside thee than as to the mystery of the apples."

A FORTIC INTERLUDE.

Heartburn to Maudie: If a sov. I want to borrow Till to-morrow. It's unfortunate for me.

Maudie to Heartburn: If I should find it in my heart That quid to part, It's unfortunate for me.

SHOCKING.

Dropical Parent: Well, Sam, the doctor tells me that the only thing to save me is to be tapped. I suppose it must be done?

Sam: No, dad—don't you submit to it? I never knew anything tapped in this house that lasted more than a week!

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK.

"What do you do for a living?" asked the magistrate of a pickpocket.

"Oh, I just take things as the come," said he of the light fingers.

And the next thing he took was six months.

TO ALL OF WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

If Patrick Donovan does not come back to his heart-broken wife within seven days, she intends to leave him, by the powers she does.

(Signed) BRIDGET DONOVAN.

Witness, MICHAEL X. FLANAGAN.

WAS IT THE LOBSTER SALAD?

An Australian sporting paper contains the following advertisement:

Will the gentleman who, returning from the Turf Club races, dressed himself in the harness and was last seen trying to put his trousers on the horse, kindly return the corkscrew with which he buttoned his boots to the editor of this journal?

SOMETIMES WRONG.

Herr Bretzel (who has just had a telephone put up, and sends for the repairer next day): Look here, my friend, I'm not you ole medole dell-vene sheibek Cherman unz conversen in Cherman?

Repairer: Yes, sir.

Herr Bretzel: Well, pythimminet, I dark Cherman to do it! le'veone yesterday, mit boldiness, unt my unf'e, it say, "Hello, phawt the devil air jaibber?" I f'nd't allow no dellervone to sase my dad o'vay. Donnerhimmel! Dak id away!

A DIVINE ASKS AN IMPRESSIVE QUESTION.

A distinguished divine, of unusually solemn and impressive appearance, went out to a country town not long ago to lecture. He arrived early in the afternoon, and all the town, of course, "spotted" him within five minutes as a very great and very saintly man.

Walking down the street he suddenly stopped a poor, wretched pedestrian and said in a solemn tones:

"Young man—do—you smoke?"

"Yes, sir," said the trembling youth, "I'm sorry, but I learnt the habit when young, and haven't been able to relinquish it yet."

"Then," said the great divine, without the movement of a muscle or the abatement of a shade of the awful solemnity of his voice, "can you tell me where I can get a good cigar?"

TO THE SLEEPLESS.
The Lancet says:—"Sleepless people should court the sun." Other people usually court their daughter.

PAID TO DATE.

The post office stamp canceller. "So he is," said Stonebroke, "so he is. I wish he was a Christmas bill!"

WHAT, NEVER?

Did you ever know a negro with no hair on the top of his head who was admitted to a club? No, never; or hardly ever. Of course not. He is always sure to be black-bald.

THE BRUTE.

Tenant: The water came through the ceiling and spoiled a lot of my things. I think you ought to make it.

LATING THE BLAME.

Landlord: Phaw! Take it out of the rent in the roof.

EPITAPHS.

They say that a lady's boudoir is a sort of "powder magazine." Before an expedition against the heart of the enemy's country she retires for a "little brush" and then raises her colours.

PEACEFUL.

Newly-married Husband: I have a newly-imported tea set, my dear. It is in fifty-six pieces.

Freshly-wedded Wife: Good gracious! How did it happen?

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CHRISTMAS PIE.—(Continued).

ANSWERED.

Blinks: Been travelling in the Midlands, eh? How did you find the hotels?

Jinks: Hired a cab.

WATER. Schoolmaster: Jones, spell weather.

Jones. W-i-s-o-u-t-h-o-r.

Schoolmaster: Sit down, Jones. That's the worst spell of weather we've had this year, bad as it's been.

And yet we are told there is no truth in advertisements!

"**THE SCHOOL OF ART AND DESIGN FOR WOMEN.**"

"Lad what are we a-comin' to?" said old Brown. "It's scandalous! As they weren't artful and designing enough already! This must be put a stop to!" (Writes to the papers.)

"**THE DISGRACEFUL NEIGHBOURHOOD.**"

"Mad with the Juggleries! I should say so! I was mad! They seated me at the biggest fool in the whole room." "No wonder you were beside your self."

"**THE LITTLE TERROR.**"

"What a poor-spirited creature you are, John," said Mrs. Brown. "I wish you were either a man or a mouse."

"I wish I was a mouse," said John. "I'd make you climb that beast."

"**BITES ON A PREACHER.**"

The horse bit the parson. How came it to pass?

The horse heard the parson say All flesh is grass.

"**BOXING DAY AT THE PAWNBROKER'S.**" Baby deposited upon counter. Then chorus of small voices. — "Please, guv'nor, what's yer advance on baby? We wants to go to the pantomime to-night."

"**PROPS SPIRIT.**" You may kiss me before you go, George. But you must only take one. "I swear it," he shouted, "only one."

"Then you can leave it alone, and go without any," she replied, with natural indignation.

"**STREET AMENITIES.**" Small boy: Yahi! Old Mother Rafferty, yah! I drunk again!

(Throes had orange.) Mr. Rafferty: Oh! twist yer neck, ye're imp o' darknes!

Passing Wag: No ma'am! Impoiteness, you mean. (Skeletoons.)

"**SUBURBAN INTELLIGENCE.**" Bottles: Miria, we shan't have any more trouble about the milk; we shall have plenty of it and good. I've bought a cow.

"**FATAL PREVIOUSSES.**" Mrs. B.: But who can milk it?

Bottles: Oh, it's all right—the man says the calf does that.

"**FROM THE YANKEE.**" Says the editor of an American paper:—"We refer to a mistake which occurred in our last week's issue. In speaking of a gentleman we described him as a 'rough-hewn diamond'—it should have been a 'ruddy diamond.' We trust our readers will forgive the mistake."

"**YULETIDE GRATITUDE.**" Mamma: Well, Walter, when I write what shall I say to Uncle Jack for sending you all these toys?

Walter: Well, I 'spect you'll better say he's very welcome.

"**THE TRIUMPH OF LABOUR.**" The labour organisations having now reached a high state of perfection it is proposed to make an arrangement whereby a prisoner who expects an unfavourable verdict can have the jury directed out on strike and the judge boycotted.

"**EXACT IN HER LANGUAGE.**" She: Clinton, I want tiddy pounds for pin money?

He: Pin money! Give it it's right name. New dress money, I suppose you mean.

She: No, I mean pin money. It's a diamond pin I want.

"**ANOTHER REDUCTION IN SUGAR AND COFFEE.**"

Printers do not always punctuate properly. There is a local paper whose comps. only admit stops when necessary to fill out a line; in other cases they do without them. Here is one of their paragraphs:—

"The procession at the late Mr. Gall's funeral was very fine and nearly two miles in length as was the beautiful prayer by the Rev. Dr. Swing of Buntington.

Another:

"A cow was struck by lightning on Saturday belonging to Dr. Hammond who had a beautiful spotted calf only four days old."

And yet another:

"In High-street yesterday a child was run over by a market wagon three years old with sore eyes and pantaloons on that never spoke afterward."

"**HE WANTED TO BE SURE.**"

Mrs. Brown (leaving from her bedroom window at midnight asking in a low and trembling voice): Is that you, Percy?

Brown (who has a peculiarity of finding his residence with great difficulty at night when under the influence of the rosy, and who has several times been arrested as a burglar and kicked out frequently on entering a wrong house): For I ansnther that question I'd like to know if that's you, Sharab?

"Why, certainly, Percy, it is."

"Is this corner of Dumpton-square and thic' 'ory street?"

"Why, of course, it is, Percy."

Then of course it's me. (Indignantly and swaying up and against the railings.) What yer are foolish questions for? Don't you know your own chik' husband? Come down and lemme in."

"**POETRY AS POETRY.**"

We have an inspired office boy who is waiting patiently for the laureateship. In the interval he is dashing off touching little things like this:

"If you feel a little pale,

Think of Joner and the whale,

And the frightened place of Joner.

When he thought himself a goner."

"**CONCLUSIVE.**"

Cockney witness recently gave the following evidence in a case in which a man was charged with stealing a hog:—

"The 'am of the 'og was sold to me, your honour, and afterwards, when suspicion was excited, I noticed that a part of the 'am of the 'og was left on the 'am. Then we got the 'ide of the 'am and saw that the 'am on the 'am fitted hinto the 'ole in the 'ide."

The evidence was so conclusive that the thief pleaded guilty at once.

"**DOING IT PROPERLY.**"

Scene, Registry Office. Enter Mrs. Suddenrich somewhat apprehensively.

Mr. Smootheley: What can I do for you, ma'am?

Mr. Smootheley: Sh!

Mr. Smootheley: Sorry we haven't got any.

Mrs. Suddenrich: You supply all sorts of servants?

Mr. Smootheley: The most efficient and sprightliest in the city.

Mrs. Suddenrich: But have you no aged or despatch persons seeking employment?

Mr. Smootheley: No, ma'am. Except one old archaic min' that sweeps out the place. There he is over there, about seventy years old.

Mrs. Suddenrich: He's just the thing. Get him to bring his father with him. I want them both badly.

My daughter is going to be married, and I must have some of the old family servants in the church, to look respect-

able and drop a silent tear.

One cold, grey winter's afternoon, I was busy in my studio as usual, enjoying the Bohemian ease of slippers and an old paint-temperied coat, when William announced that a lady, who,

had become a crusty bachelier, had

come to me.

Bertie: I hate that fellow Dudda,

the tailor, I'd like to murder him!

My daughter is going to be married.

He would probably die of surprise.

"Do you believe in dreams?" Yes.

In dream I believe all sorts of things."

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A CROOKED FATE.

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

AUTHOR OF "SINNED AGAINST," "THE MYSTERY OF THE SKELETON," ETC., ETC.

I.

In Shanklin Chine there is a solitary seat placed in a curious nook on the very edge of the high chalk cliff, looking seaward. Those who have visited the picturesque glen know it well; many, perhaps, have inscribed their names upon the chalk, or carved the weather-beaten seat itself. Some, possibly, have pleasant recollections of moonlit nights and whispered nothings, or sunny afternoons dreamt idly away. I, for one, have cause to remember that rustic seat, for there was enacted the prologue of a drama in which I played a leading part.

The time was early September, a beautiful morning, the sea a glittering expanse of blue and gold, stretched out towards the descending sky, with nothing to deck its surface but the gleam of the white sails of the yachts. Far below upon the beach was a throng of visitors, the brightly lined parasols and fashionable toilettes of the ladies lending additional colour to the scene.

When I gained the seat I found a solitary occupant, a well-dressed lady of perhaps twenty-five. She had a flush over her features—for she had been startled by my sudden appearance—but she was certainly extraordinarily pretty; not so much handsome as altogether winning and gentle-looking. Her figure was slender and graceful, the head small, and the almost coal-black hair and eyes gave her an appearance decidedly foreign.

I seated myself, lit my matin cigarette, opened my sketch-book, and prepared to make a few notes for future use, when suddenly the strong breeze lifted her hat, and it went spinning away over the cliff, far down upon the beach below. Noticing the catastrophe I immediately rose, and, bidding her remain, descended the path leading to the beach, and recovered the truant hat.

Truth to tell, I was not sorry that such an accident had occurred whereby the conventional ice between us would be broken, and it is needless for me to say that when I returned her property I was rewarded by a winning smile, and we settled ourselves and commenced a pleasant chat, in which she was piquant, bright, and amusing.

Though a foreigner, she spoke English fairly, and from her manner, speech, and dress I instinctively knew she was a patrician. I learnt she was staying alone at Williams's Hotel, but was daily expecting to be joined by a party of friends from London.

When she rose to return to her hotel for luncheon I handed her a card, receiving one of hers in exchange.

"This is a strange meeting, indeed," said I, "but as you say in English, the best of friends must die."

Her dark eyes met mine, and though I cannot explain it, by some strange intuition, some mysterious rapport between her soul and mine, I knew I was something more to her than a casual acquaintance. My reason answered me that I must be mad to think she loved me, but my heart told me different, and gradually all my misgivings departed before the hope and confidence that the conviction of her love raised in my mind.

"I have wondered often what had become of you, for, believe me, I cherish the sweetest memory of those few days we spent together by the sea," I said.

"And I also," she replied; "but as you say in English, the best of friends must part."

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WRATISLAW'S PATIENT.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

It is to be desired in the interests of fiction that on some one day in the year all the inhabitants of such a city as London should be gently compelled, through the channel of a new kind of census paper, to narrate the strangest experience which has befallen each during the preceding twenty-four hours. Of the five millions strange or trivial events thus furnished take the most singular. The chances are that all its circumstances, its ins-and-outs, its coincidences and surprises, being set down, we should find it far exceed in wonder the most fantastic creation of the professional brain. As, for instance, the man and his purpose he had almost dismissed from his mind. He was thinking instead of the fifty pounds, and his need of it—his brother's need of it. For he had a brother, a young fellow in the Temple, as unlike himself as woman is unlike man, and with all his hardness he loved Fred. He could make his own way, but Fred could not. Even now there was an execution in the young barrister's chambers. Debt and costs, forty-seven, eight, nine.

The doctor, reaching home, let himself into the unlighted hall of one of the smallest houses in Wimpole-street, and drawing out his latchkey strode through to the tiny room at the back which he used as his consulting-room. He was fumbling in the dark for a match when a tall woman in a nurse's dress came in and silently lit the gas over his table. She did not go away, and though he seemed in no hurry to look at her, he had to look at last. "Well," he said, with a kind of savage impatience, "what are you waiting for?"

"My brother has come home."



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"My brother has come home."

With his massive figure, his head above the crowd, his keen clever face, and budding reputation—Wratislaw, whose skill and nerve and hardness were already beginning to be talked of in his hospital—could not flatter himself that he had had much the better of this mean little stranger, nor that he was bending his brows over him. The man and his purpose he had almost dismissed from his mind. He was thinking instead of the fifty pounds, and his need of it—his brother's need of it. For he had a brother, a young fellow in the Temple, as unlike himself as woman is unlike man, and with all his hardness he loved Fred. He could make his own way, but Fred could not. Even now there was an execution in the young barrister's chambers. Debt and costs, forty-seven, eight, nine.

Wratislaw, a low laugh not pleasant to hear. "Well," he said, almost apologetically, after a moment's pause, "to be candid, I thought I would give you a loco-venitio, my good fellow."

"It was not strong enough! Not half strong enough!" snapped the stranger.



The doctor smiled. Possibly the others' ignorance relieved him—set him up again in his own estimation. But he only answered, "How long did you sleep after it, my friend?"

"Ten hours," was the sullen answer.

"I see no signs of fever about you," the doctor returned, eying him curiously. "Is not your skin dry? Do your eyes ache?"

"Look here!" the stranger broke out furiously. "Once for all, are you going to give me what I want, or not? I had no reason to think you had a white-livered conscience. God knows, or I should have gone to some one else. But if you think so much of a life—"

"I think as much of your life," Wratislaw retorted, in a low stern voice, "as a rat's. You fool! Life? What is it? I have seen men, ay, and rich men, too, in such pain that they would give all they had in the world to be rid of life! And do you think I value yours? Here, take this, and begone!"

The man snatched at the little parcel greedily. Whatever doubt he might otherwise have felt was dispelled by a single glance at the doctor's usually handsome face, which at that moment was ugly enough. "Right," he muttered, thus re-assured, "I am gone," and turning at once, he crossed the roadway, almost lost to sight among the crowd which was beginning to gather outside the Imperial Theatre.

The doctor walked on briskly, threading at a rapid pace the mean, dreary streets which lay between him and the Strand. He had said, and truly at the time, that he thought no more of the life of this stranger, who had momentarily raised a hand to him out of the mud of London, than of a rat's. But, for all that, when he entered his brother's chambers in Pump-court his thoughts were abroad, and though he noticed that the young fellow, who was lying on a sofa, his handsome girlish head half-buried in cushions, was ill and distraught, and gave him but snappish answers instead of the gratitude he had a right to expect—for what had he not done for him?—he took small heed of it, and except that he remarked with satisfaction that the man in possession was gone, he remembered little of his visit afterwards. With his affection for this shiftless, helpless brother there was mingled an unacknowledged contempt, which led him as little to expect any sensible return for his protective kindness as a mother expects thanks from the infant that cries when plucked from the breast. That the young fellow looked pale and heavy-eyed, did not surprise him under the circumstances. That he was not profuse of thanks or loud in acknowledgment surprised him less. He was busy, and he presently hurried away, satisfied that the money had been put to the use to which he had destined it, and willing to postpone—perhaps afraid to hear—any other problem which his brother's difficulties might present for solution.

But by that time Dr. Wratislaw, walking with closed umbrellas through the rain, was half-way home. His impulse, his only impulse, was to get home and be alone. Habit, however, or some unconscious calculation, led him to take the way through Leicester-square, and though he was not sensible of any purpose in doing so or of exercising any vigilance as he went, his eyes suddenly detected in the midst of a group of men who were standing in the drizzle round a public-house a face he knew—a face filled, as it seemed to him, with a devilish joy. And the sight set his blood on the instant in a flame.

"Steady, sir, steady," said the cabman a moment later, when it was all over—the same man who by flinging his arms round him had stopped his blind rush. "Are you mad or drunk, sir? What was it? I saw nothing."

To his amazement, Wratislaw broke out into a fearful oath on hearing these words, and tearing himself from his hand clattered down the stairs, stumbling and finding himself by the wall as if he were blind or partially paralysed. After a moment's hesitation, the result of surprise, the surgeon followed in alarm, and learned from the policeman that the tall gentleman had passed him swiftly, looking white and queer, and had gone towards the Strand.

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"I thought I saw—" Wratislaw began but, as he broke off, and dropping his eyes, which had been gazing fixedly over the other's head, looked at him in a dazed way.

"I think I am not very well," he muttered slowly, "but it was not much. He will not come again."

The doctor was still examining the glass case, and he had not seen that strange expression, or his answer might have been other than a jeering laugh. "Oh, so that is the end of the formidable brother, is it?" he sneered. "That is all that has come of Michael the avenger. Then let us have no more of this rubbish! Don't go peaking and poking about the house as if you expected it to fall upon you. A little more and you will make me sick of seeing your pale face and solemn eyes gliding up and down the stairs. Poggy. There, go now; I am busy."

"Easy and painless," repeated the black kid gloves in a low voice. "The price, fifty pounds."

"Ah!" said Wratislaw, dropping his voice also, perhaps out of sympathy. "But how am I to be sure that you will use it yourself—that you do not want it for some one else, my friend?"

"The other is cheaper," said the stranger.

"It is."

"Yes, if I am right in my estimate—fifty pounds."

Wratislaw did not start again. Nevertheless, the mention of that particular sum produced a slight shock in his brain, for the thoughts which had wrought his features as he walked along into so complete a harmony with the dreary evening had had to do with money, the actual question which had employed him from the gate of the Temple to Leicester-square being where and how he might immediately procure the exact sum of fifty pounds.

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"Painless, I said! Painless, do you hear?"

He spoke with savage irony, which the wide gloomy street, with its greasy pavements dimly reflecting the lamps, for the cold light of evening had given place in the last five minutes to the dusk of night—seemed partly to justify. Dr. Wratislaw moved to let a tawdry, bedraggled woman, hugging her thin shawl about her, swing by him, and shivered. Nevertheless, when he spoke again there was a spicce of mockery in his tone, and his voice was hard. "Yes," he said, "I think it is quite possible, my friend, that a man may be tired of this and glad to leave it; but—"

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